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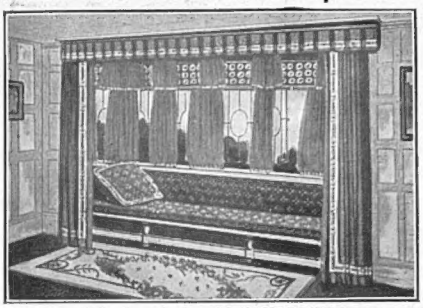

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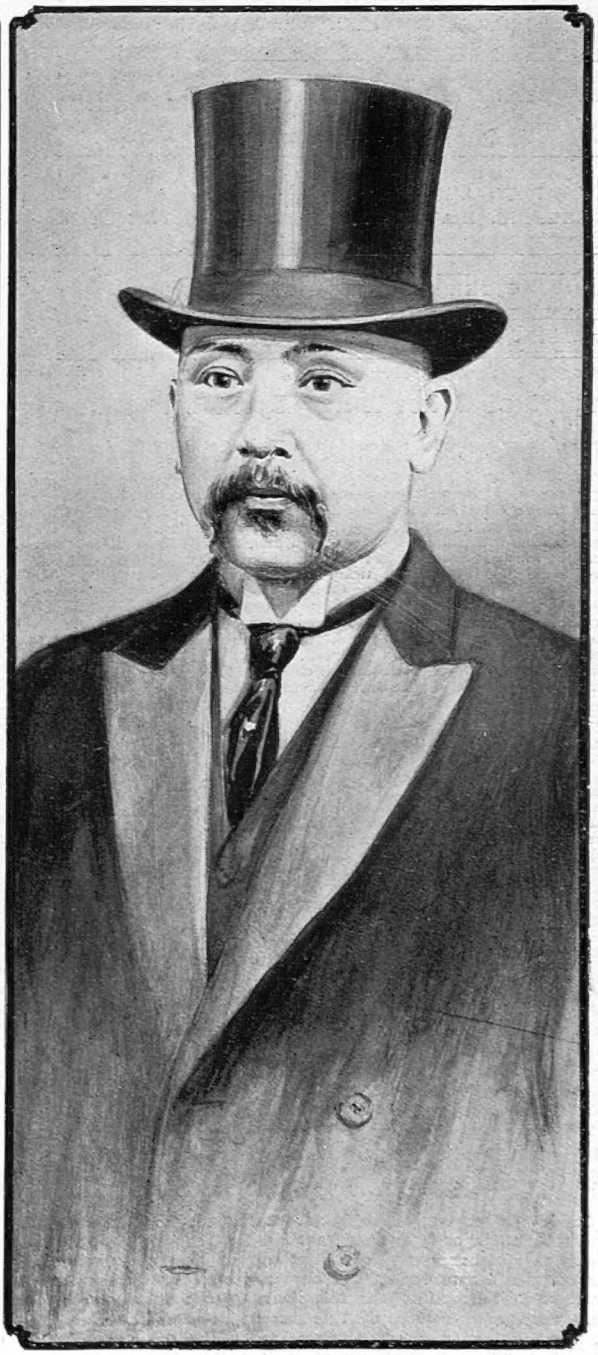

OH! EAST IS WEST AND WEST IS EAST!

Or rather will be soon—when Yuan-Shi-Kai, President of the Chinese Republic, has not only discarded his pigtail, but has adopted Western clothes like his brothers Taft and Fallières. Our first photograph shows Yuan in the Mandarin uniform; the second is a transformation, by "The Bystander," of the same face and figure into the frock coat and top hat of correct Presidential convention

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" New Revue. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, etc., and Specially Selected Varieties.
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To-morrow (Thursday), at 8. First Matinée, Saturday, at 2.30.

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PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 9. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY in "DEAR OLD CHARLEY," a Farce in Three Acts.
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HONESTY. By M. E. Francis. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
HAVOC. By E. P. Oppenheim. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
MUSIC, IN POETRY AND PROSE. By Ada M. Ingpen. (Herbert and Daniel: 3s. 6d. net.)
CYNTHIA OF THE MINUTE. By L. J. Vance. (Grant Richards: 6s.)
THE PIONEER. By H. Bindloss. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE ACTOR'S COMPANION. By C. F. Armstrong. (Mills and Boon: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE WISDOM OF WAITING. By Mabel Ince. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)
THE MARK. By Mrs. P. Champion de Crespigny. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE DEVIL'S WIND. By Patricia Wentworth. (Melrose: 6s.)
THE COMPROMISING OF JANE. By Anne Weaver. (Long: 6s.)
SAM BRIGGS, HIS BOOK. By R. Marsh. (Long: 6s.)
THE FEN DOG. By S. Foreman. (Long: 6s.)
JESSE OF CARIBOO. By R. Pocock. (Murray: 6s.)
RODDLES. By B. P. Neuman. (Murray: 6s.)
AN ACTOR'S NOTEBOOKS. By Frank Archer. (Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d. net.)
FELIX CHRISTIE. By Peggy Webling. (Methuen: 6s.)
ANNA STRELITZ. By Low Lathen. (Long: 6s.)
A TRANSPLANTED AMERICAN. By Elsie Lathrop. (Long: 6s.)
SCENTED ISLES AND CORAL ISLANDS. By C. D. Mackellar. (Murray: 15s. net.)
VIEWS AND VAGABONDS. By R. Macaulay. (Murray: 6s.)
DAVID GARRICK AND HIS FRENCH FRIENDS. By F. A. Hedgcock. (Stanley Paul: 10s. 6d. net.)
THEIR WEDDED WIFE. By Alice M. Diehl. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE WOMAN-HUNTER. By Arabella Kenealy. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE ADJUSTMENT. By Marguerite Bryant. (Heinemann: 6s.)
THE TRIANGLE. By Marie C. Leighton. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
FOR THE QUEEN. By E. P. Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE ENDLESS JOURNEY, ETC. By Netta Syrett. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)
THE WHITE WALLET. Filled by Pamela Glenconner. (Fisher Unwin: 5s. net.)
THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS. By Isabel E. Mackay. (Cassell: 6s.)
THE HEART OF LIFE. By Pierre de Coulevain. (Cassell: 6s.)
HIS FIRST OFFENCE. By J. S. Clouston. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)

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Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35, Rue Lafayette.

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Bystander Comments

OPENING OF PARLIAMENTARY PAGEANTRY: IS IT OUT OF DATE?

"This stately pageantry, reminding us of the past, is a little of an anachronism to-day. It seems almost a pity that we should have these old forms which can only remind us of a Constitution which we have lost."—Mr. Bonar Law on the Opening of Parliament, February 15, 1912

Peace in Sight?

SO Lord Haldane's visit was really a success! Official negotiations for an Anglo-German *entente* are actually opened. King George and Queen Mary are to go in the spring to Berlin to set the first seal on the new friendship, and the Kaiser is to set the second in a visit to London, which will have the most far-reaching political significance. It is understood, furthermore, that in the spring an English squadron will visit German ports!

***

To Bury the Hatchet

ALL I can say is that, if this is really true, on the day the Agreement is signed England should prepare for the biggest national carnival since Mafeking Night. Visions occur to me of a gigantic hatchet being borne on a gigantic hearse through the streets and publicly buried in a hole of great depth in some central open space, and on the site erected a monument in unpleasant memory of the most dangerous destroyer that ever threatened the peace of the world and civilisation.

***

Honour Where Due

NO doubt, if the accord is accomplished, the Government will claim it as their work, as Disraeli and Salisbury claimed the Berlin "Peace With Honour" as theirs. It will be churlish and contemptible to deny their diplomacy its deserts. Whatever one's domestic dislike of their policy, if Sir Edward Grey, after having stood loyally by our friends in a dangerous crisis, and finally upheld the honour of the *entente*, is able to seal friendship with the late adversary, he has earned his Garter and much else besides.

***

Blindfold Golf in Politics

MR. BONAR LAW, as a golfer, has evidently been following the Blindfold Golf discussion, and has given it a political application. Mr. Guy Livingstone has startled the world with the assertion that it is not necessary to "keep your eye on the ball," and A. H. Toogood is to play a match at Sunningdale this week, blindfolded. In *his* strokes against the Government, Mr. Law seems also to have been ignoring the "ball." There was not much calculation of where he was going to land those shots about Ministerial corruption and repealing the Insurance Act, and at the first glance it looked as though in both cases he had bunkered himself badly. But as the methods of the previous professional, Mr. Balfour, who always kept *his* eye on the ball, won so few matches, I am not yet disposed to say that the blindfold method will not show best in the long run. Already Mr. Law appears to have flustered his opponent more in the first drives than his predecessor did in the whole game. And if making the other man lose his temper is good tactics, why then Mr. Law is certainly a good tactician.

BLINDFOLD GOLF AT WESTMINSTER

MR. BONAR LAW

Is evidently opposed, in political golf, to the doctrine, "Keep your eye on the ball." His opening strokes this Session were at random—but none the less successful, judging by the extreme annoyance they have caused his opponents

***

B. M. G. Redivivus?

OTHERWISE, the Opening of Parliament was as flat as yesterday's pancakes. Mr. Law found no supporters for his attack, and had to resort to writing to the papers to explain what he meant when he said he would "certainly" repeal the Insurance Act. This does not look as though the new leadership is being followed any more loyally than the old. We have already reminded our readers that Bonar as well as Balfour begins with "B.," and that the Halsbury Club's motto, "B. M. G.," has not yet been officially dropped.

***

The Democratic Touch

By the way, I like Mr. Bonar Law's little democratic touch about the anachronisms of stately pageantry. A little incongruous, perhaps, from a Tory leader, but somebody has to say these things.

The Most Unkindest Strike of All

PREPARING FOR THE COAL FAMINE

Hundreds of trucks of coal at the Grimsby Coaling Station ready for shipment

The Strike That Must—

REGARDLESS of appearing to have been taught their business by the *Daily Mail* (which teaches us all our business nowadays), the Government will intervene to settle the coal strike. To say that such a strike would be at the heart of the people is to say a truism; to appeal to the miners for mercy because of the sufferings "no coal" would impose on the poor is sentimentalism. The miners, unlike the railway men, are not part and parcel of the general social system, but dwellers apart, who are little amenable to sentiment. As the holders of the key to national existence—for without coal for our fleet or our railways what chance do we stand against an invader?—they are in a position to dictate terms.

***

—Be Stopped

FORCE, here, is of little use. We could neither force into the mines those who know how to work them, nor trust in them those who don't. Many average men could, at a pinch, drive an engine or stoke a boiler, but not even the boldest of City clerks could mine, even if allowed to. So the Coal Strike, as the Government do not need to be told by the *Daily Mail*, is the Strike that Must Be Stopped.

***

Pardonable!

PARLIAMENTARY men are exercising their minds whether to worry the Government about Lord Haldane. Did he exchange information as to armaments with the Germans? If so, ought he to have given to a foreign Power information which had not yet been communicated to Parliament? It is quite possible that Lord Haldane did "forget Parliament." After all, even a Liberal Minister can't be expected to remember everything.

***

Present or Hint?

THE Kaiser's present to our War Minister of a statue of the War God armed for the fray may be taken either as a compliment or as a hint. We ventured to inquire of Lord Haldane's *entourage* how *he* took it, and received the reply, "By the Hook of Holland and Harwich."

A PRESENT—OR A HINT

The Kaiser gave Lord Haldane a statue of the War God armed for the fray. A little suggestive, seeing that Lord Haldane's rôle in Berlin was that of a Minister of Peace

***

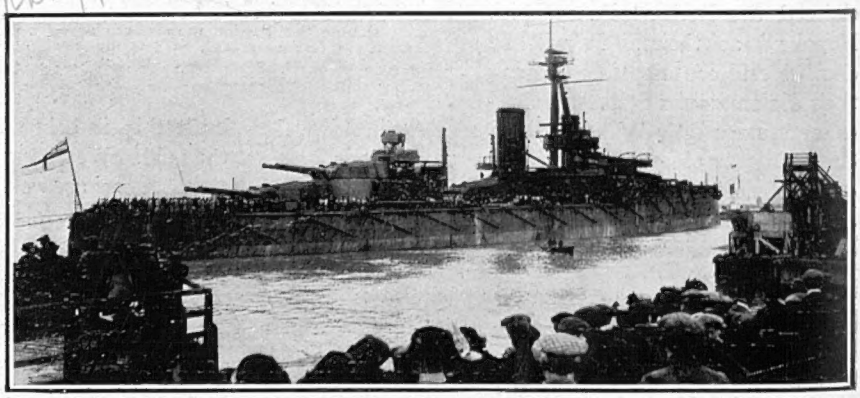
China's President-Elect

YUAN-SHI-KAI has explained that the reason for his being unable to accept the Chinese Presidency is that he has "insufficient virtues." My sincere condolences. To have "insufficient virtues" to become a Chinese ruler must be almost as hopeless a state as to suffer from a bad foot. It is to be expected that Yuan will—when the moment is propitious—show the same marvellous power of moral recuperation as, a few months ago, he did over the pedal extremity in question.

***

The Premiership

IT looks as though there is a Grey-George rivalry for the Asquith, as there was a Long Chamberlain one for the Balfour, succession. In the latter case, the upshot was a Law Leadership; may not the former result in a Winston one? And why not?



THAMES IRONWORKS DREADNOUGHT AFLOAT

H.M.S. "Thunderer," the launch of which, last Spring, was so memorable an event for the East End, is now ready for sea. Our photograph shows her being towed down the Thames last Thursday

Who'll Win the Waterloo Cup?

THE DUKE OF LEEDS
A member of the Committee and a big supporter of the sport

THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON
For whom a success with Step Dance would be extremely popular

THE EARL OF SEFTON
Patron of the meeting and owner of the property on which it is held

Photographs
MR. E. T. HULTON
Who hopes to win the Cup with Hustings and the Derby with Lomond

MR. R. N. STOLLERY
Owner of Saracen, who is much fancied

Sport and General
MR. S. HILL WOOD
Winner of the Cup in 1910 with Heavy Weapon

The above is one of the most interesting sporting questions of the week. Our illustrations show some people who will be prominent at the greatest coursing meeting of the year

Settlement of the Censorship Nuisance

Public Men as Censors

IN all respects, I welcome the new Censorship. The appointment of a dramatist and a well-known critic has, at all events, the advantage that these are public, and not private, men. Known personally to those whose work will come before them, they will not be able to hide themselves behind the Lord Chamberlain. It will be absolutely impossible for them to avoid criticism, or to discharge their duties in the cold official way of their predecessor. Messrs. Brookfield and Bendall will, sure enough, make their mistakes, but these will be the mistakes of men, and not of a system, for which the remedy will be replacement. Mr. Redford was, in his official capacity, a wooden oracle. The new Censors are flesh and blood, with backs to beat, so the chances are that we shall secure Sanity in St. James's Palace.

***

An End to the Wrangle

ANYTHING that will bring to a close these unseemly wranglings between Producers, Performers, and Censor will be heartily welcomed by the general public, which is frankly bored by the whole controversy. The theatre does, after all, exist for entertainment, and if so much talk is indulged in about it, the Public may grow to look on theatre-going as a necessary part of its education, and will avoid it accordingly.

NEW LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Lord Sandhurst, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., appointed Lord Chamberlain in place of Earl Spencer (retired)

***

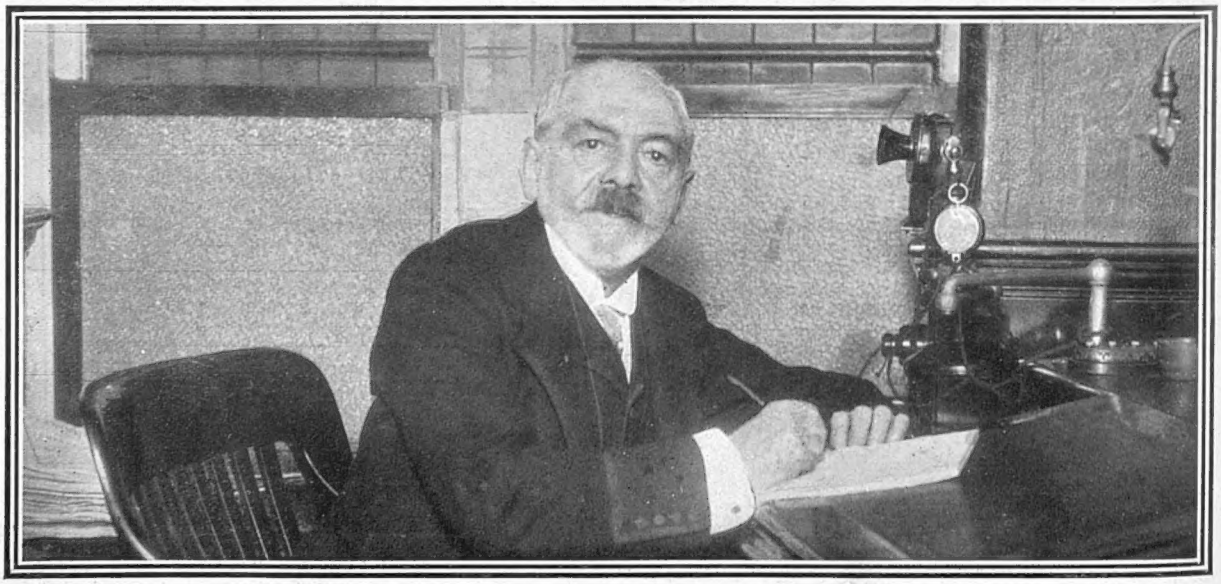
The "Muddle-Aged Man"

THE onslaught on the Middle-Aged Man made by "Journeyman" has elicited one or two opinions from some of those attacked by our fugitive correspondent. The manager of a leading music-hall thinks that the writer is far too sweeping in his assertions. "No doubt," he says, "there are plenty of fools at any age, but my experience is that a man of fifty or thereabouts does not behave, as a rule, in the manner stated." A very well-known Minister of Religion, on the other hand, writes to assure me privately that, in his judgment, "Journeyman" "has very fairly hit the mark." He detects in the article a true desire to rebuke some of the licentiousness of our time. There is no doubt, he thinks, that Middle-Aged Men are quite as great sinners in the maintenance of certain social evils as younger ones, and that it is at their door, to a very large extent, that is to be laid the charge of being the first cause of such evils. I am afraid THE BYSTANDER cannot allow itself to be drawn too deeply into a controversy on this subject. Too many other papers appear to be engaged in the work of stirring up the mud.

***

A Chance for the Oldsters

OUR contributor is a young man of the modern type, and probably only intended, with his tongue in his cheek, to have a whack at his seniors. There is, of course, no earthly doubt that casual observers will agree that the young man of the present day seems to be able to get along very much better without indulging in the dissipations of youth of a former period, which is, of course, good. Age, however, will be age, and modern youth must not be too harsh in its standards of conduct for those who had not the good fortune to be born late enough to learn true wisdom. I suppose the modern Rehoboam, according to "Journeyman," will be led to destruction by the baldheads and not by the young men—though I must remember the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is still in his forties.



THE DOYEN OF DRAMATIC CRITICS BECOMES EXAMINER OF PLAYS

Mr. E. A. Bendall has been appointed Joint Examiner of Plays with Mr. Charles Brookfield. He is in his sixty-sixth year, and was for thirty years in the Paymaster-General's office. He is the doyen of dramatic critics, having served on the staff of the "Observer" in that capacity since 1874. His appointment has actually aroused no opposition!

Families in the Public Eye

THE MICHAELS (OF RUSSIA) AT CANNES
The Grand Duke Michael, Countess Torby, and family at the popular winter resort on the Riviera

Photograph *Lafayette*
THE PENTLANDS: LORD AND LADY PENTLAND, NEW GOVERNOR AND GOVERNESS OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY, EN FAMILLE

MISS LLOYD GEORGE (Right)
With Colonel Seely, seated on wall of the Commons Terrace, watching the Royal Coach pass on the day of the Opening of Parliament

Viscount Melgund
THE MINTOS (AT MINTO): LORD MELGUND COMES OF AGE
The photograph, taken at Minto House, shows Lady Eileen Elliot, Countess of Minto, Viscount Melgund, Earl and Countess Grey, the Hon. Arthur Elliot, the Hon. Hugh Elliot, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Fitzwilliam Elliot, and the Hon. Gavin Elliot (younger son of the Earl of Minto)

Doings of Interest Out of Doors

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY RACES: MEMBERS WATCHING THE RACING FROM THE GRAND STAND

The Light Blues' annual Lent Term fixture was held over the fields in the vicinity of Cottenham, seven miles from Cambridge. The feature of the racing was the success of Mr. Ian Straker, who triumphed in three events

The Premier Sporting Event

THIS week's premier sporting event is the Waterloo Cup. Townspeople and others who see little of real country life have no conception of the great interest which coursing still arouses, and the vast meeting at Altcar during the next few days will prove a genuine eye-opener to any stranger who happens to find himself there. Every visitor, of course, will be anxious for a good tip, as the long odds are always extremely tempting. Last year the winner, Sir Robert Jardine's Jabberwock, was quoted at 50 to 1 on the night of the draw, and you may be sure that the people "in the know" did not let the chance slip by of getting on this good thing.

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Prospects and Fancies

I HEAR glowing accounts of the prospects of Saracen, a second-season dog belonging to Mr. Stollery, and it looks as though at the finish he will be the favourite of the sixty-four competitors. Highly popular, of course, would be a victory for the Countess of Sefton, the charming *châtelaine* of this annual muster of keen sportsmen and even keener sportswomen, many of whom I have seen bravely facing the roughest weather at Altcar. It is quite possible that Lady Sefton's Step Dance will spring a surprise on us; anyway, I am warned not to disregard her chance. I have, however, a preference for Mr. Hardy's Hill Court, who did so well in a sharp trial the other day that he seems bound to be prominent this week.

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Possible Doubles

TWO years ago Mr. S. Hill Wood brought off a fine double by winning the Waterloo Cup with Heavy Weapon and the big Manchester Steeplechase with The Duffrey. Will Mr. O. H. Jones go one better this year by capturing the Cup and winning the Grand National with Rathnally? Mr. Hulton, too, has the chance for a glorious double, as he might win the Waterloo and the Derby. My opinion is that if you take **Saracen** and **Hill Court** you will not be far wrong in looking for the winner.

Photographs *Sport and General*

A MEET OF THE ETON BEAGLES AT ETON LAST WEEK

This unique pack is enjoying splendid sport this season. The violent opposition to it in a section of the Radical Press seems to have died a natural death

The Wedding of the Week

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield

MISS VAN RAALTE

BY W. HOWARD ROBINSON

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN

Whose marriage with Miss Margaret Van Raalte was fixed for the 20th inst. His lordship is a famous swordsman, and is proficient alike with foil, épée, and sabre. His bride is the elder daughter of Mrs. Charles Van Raalte and the late Mr. Charles Van Raalte

Political Goings and Comings

A New Privy Councillor

LORD DURHAM, whom the King has been pleased to appoint a member of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, comes, of course of a family (the Lambtons) of the Turf, perhaps most famous of all the famous families that figure in North Country racing annals. Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Durham is one of the mainstays of Newmarket, where he has a house in which an unmarried sister plays hostess for him, and it was on the subject of Turf frauds that, in a speech at the Gimcrack Club, he jumped to fame a good many years ago. Of late years it is chiefly as a racing host to racing Royalty that Lord Durham has been heard of. King Edward, who "Gartered" his lordship, stayed many times at the lovely seat of the Lambtons on the Wear, and King George has also visited him there, while I understand that in the capacity of Lord High Steward, in which he accompanied His Majesty to India, Lord Durham has been highly commended.

EARL OF DURHAM

Photograph *Lafayette*
Newly appointed Member of His Majesty's Privy Council

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A Genial Liberal

IN that political environment that he has for so long so fitly adorned, Lord Carrington, the ex-Privy Seal and new Marquis, will, without doubt, very much be missed. During his long control of the Board of Agriculture he earned a reputation as the most accessible as well as the most genial of Ministers, and though, as a big Bucks landowner and a courtier, he was always, of course, just a trifle suspect of the extremists in his party, he won even those over in time by sheer tact, nice manners, and the outstanding fact that he did, after all, devote the best of his life to the Liberal cause. Much most liberal entertaining has always been toward at Daws Hill, High Wycombe, Lord Carrington's charming, one-storeyed Buckinghamshire residence, but it was at Wycombe Abbey that the descendant of Robert Smith, M.P., used to entertain King Edward, and where he received so warm a welcome on his return from New South Wales. As most people know, it is to Lord Carrington that the National Liberal Club owes its well-being, and the new Marquis was also, of course, a pioneer in providing allotments for the working-classes.

LORD PENTLAND

Photograph *Lafayette*
Late Secretary for Scotland, and new Governor of Madras Presidency

MARQUIS CARRINGTON

Photograph *Mills*
Late Lord Privy Seal, and now a Marquis

* * *

Governor of Madras

One can imagine Lord Carrington as anything, but it requires, I find, distinctly an effort to imagine Lord Pentland, the Secretary for Scotland, in his new capacity as Governor of Madras. Someone who will entertain, who will cut a Viceregal dash, is, or, at least, so my Anglo-Indian friends always tell me, wanted for the post of an Indian Governor. But for the life of me I can see neither Lord Pentland nor his very serious Scotch lady, true daughter of her clever mother, Lady Aberdeen, letting such lightnesses wait upon their deep convictions, can you? But it is interesting that all three of the moving Ministers, Lord Carrington, Lord Pentland, and Mr. McKinnon Wood, who succeeds him as Scottish Secretary, should have served their political apprenticeships on the L.C.C.

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Too Serious for Canada

CLOSELY associated with Lord Aberdeen throughout his official life, the reason just why Lord Pentland did not succeed his father-in-law as Governor of Canada is still "wropt in mystery." There may, of course, be some slight connection between his non-appointment and the fact that Lord Rosebery, who held the ear of the King at the date of the withdrawal of Earl Grey, was the man who made such a merciless attack on the abilities of the Secretary for Scotland during the progress of the Scotch Land Bill. Also, there was, of course, Canada to be considered, and Canada, like Dublin, had, as everyone knows, avowed itself openly in want of a social rather than a serious Viceroyalty. Lord Pentland, who has achieved the mellower side of his half-century, is an old Wellingtonian who did some soldiering before he took up politics. He married his chief's daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, eight years ago, and, as tribute doubtless to his bride's studious mind, it was estimated that half at least of his wedding presents consisted of books.

Italian Leaders of Paris Society

NOR TITTONI, ITALIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS, AT WORK IN HIS ROOM

A Fata Vocant

FEW politicians have had such a varied career as Signor Tittoni, but experiences would not have rested his entering direct the upper walks of diplomacy. As a young of twenty-nine years of he was elected a member the Municipal Council of . His first connection with foreign affairs was some years ago, when he was appointed Foreign Secretary, in this capacity he seems to have found his real vocation. From then till now he has held office either as Minister of Foreign Affairs or as Ambassador to England (a post which he held for a very short time), and now as Ambassador to the French Republic.

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Doing As Rome Does

SIGNOR TITTONI, a typical Roman gentleman, grave, well-groomed, always dressed in black, "correct," and with a reserved and at the same time easy manner, is a master of saying little confidentially. All Italians speak French somehow, but Signor Tittoni is the kind of man who would not speak it at all if not well, and although he spent a little time at Oxford, understands English well, and speaks it a little, it is only in the last extremity that he condescends to talk in a language of which he is not entirely master.

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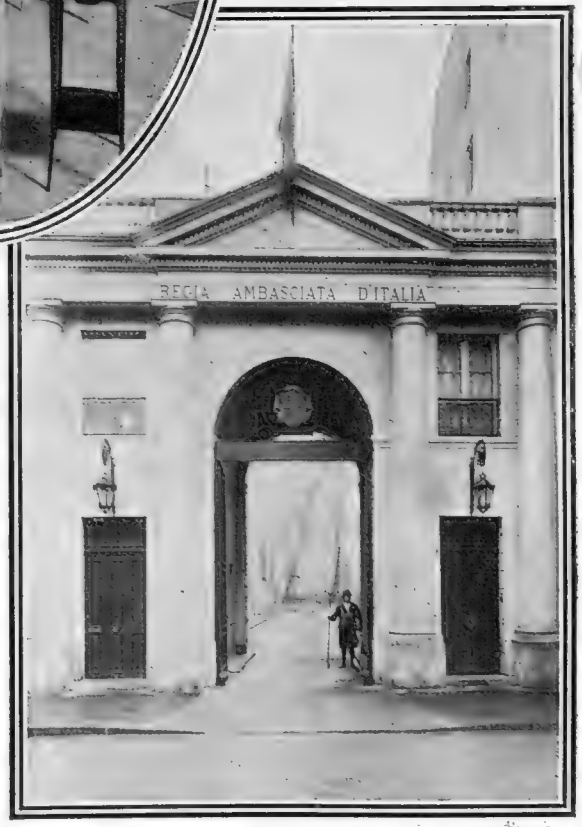
The New Embassy

SINCE the death of Count Tornielli, who made himself exceedingly popular in Paris, thus making more delicate Signor Tittoni's mission, the new Italian Embassy has been built, and is now in use. The old place was a positive disgrace to a first-class Power, and no entertainment on the premises on a large scale was possible. Signor Tittoni has had an advantage in his fine new Embassy over his predecessors, and he and Donna Tittoni have made good use of their handsome residence. There is no more popular rendezvous for the *élite* of Paris. The mistress of the Embassy is a very handsome woman, and one of the most admirable of hostesses.

DONNA TITTONI
Wife of the Italian Ambassador in Paris, in the salon of the Embassy



Photographs *Vogel*

THE ITALIAN EMBASSY IN PARIS
The entrance to the house from the Rue de Grenelle. The Ambassador and his wife entertain largely in this handsome building

PICTORI

FROM VARIOUS PARTS

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE SPANISH NAVY

This photograph shows Her Majesty leaving the Royal Yacht "Giralda" for the launching of the Dreadnought "España" on February 5, which was accomplished amid scenes of great enthusiasm

WHERE MR. PIERPONT MORGAN WILL HOUSE HIS PRICELESS COLLECTION OF "OBJETS D'ART"

The Metropolitan Museum, New York, to which ten million dollars' worth of beauty is soon to be added

FUNERAL OF THE SOLDIER AERNOULT

Who met his death in Algeria. 200,000 Socialists and Anarchists thronged the streets of Paris on the occasion of his funeral. In his military career he had frequent disputes with his officers, and is alleged to have been the victim of torture

Photograph The Whale *Geo. A. Walker*

A BIG WHALE BEING LANDED UP THE SLIP AT THE WHANGAMUNUN WHALING STATION, NEW ZEALAND

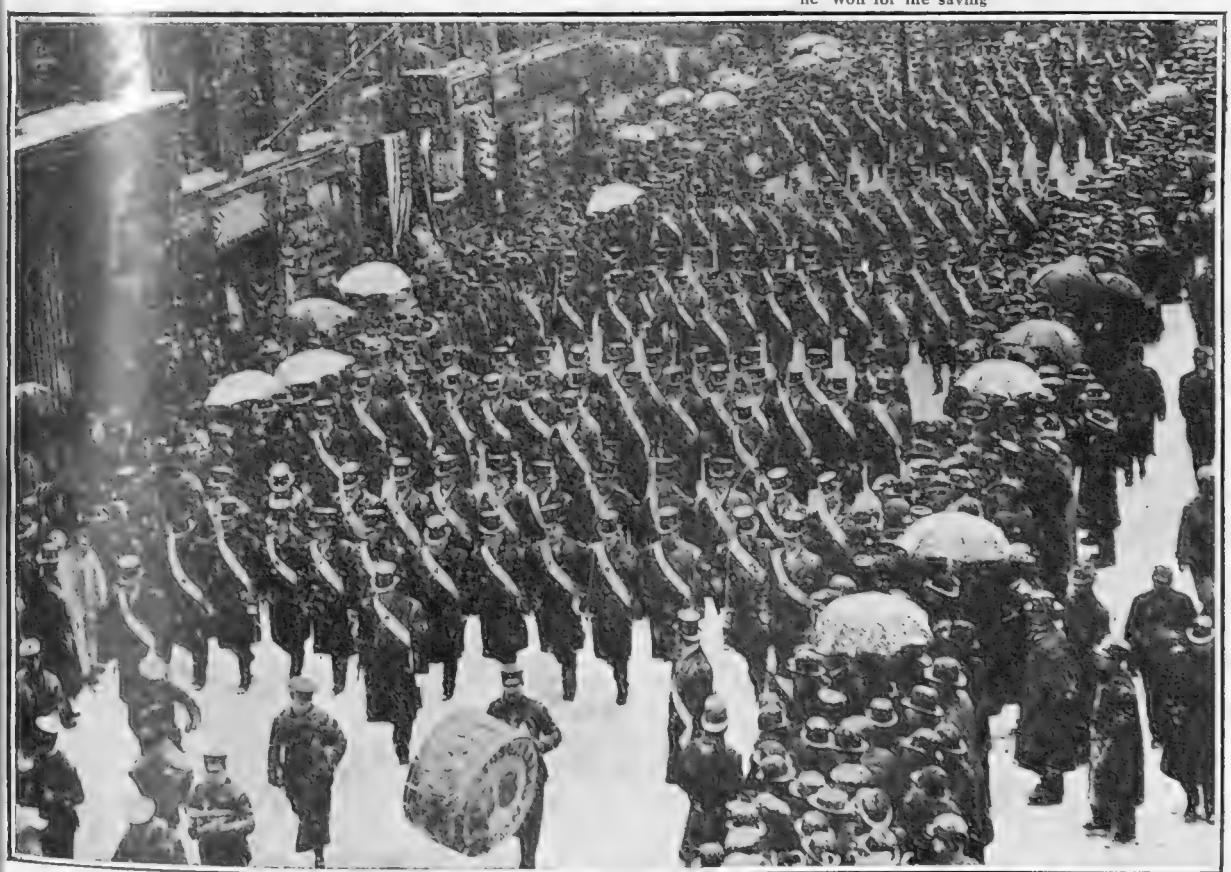
ALITIES
OF THE WORLD

MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Whom her husband has named as the most beautiful woman in the world, "because," he says, "it puts me right at home"

WILLIAM WALLER, AMERICAN BOY SCOUT

Handing General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, British Chief Scout of the Boy Scouts and hero of Mafeking, a letter of welcome from President Taft on the General's arrival in New York on January 31. Waller is wearing the medal he won for life saving



Photographs *Underwood*

CARDINAL O'CONNEL'S ICY WELCOME HOME TO BOSTON

The procession which welcomed the new American Cardinal back from his investiture passing, in the snow, from Long Wharf to Back Bay. The route was lined by 100,000 admirers

Riviera Notes

Kings Carnival and Sol

Better weather is at last our lot, and King Carnival XL. actually saw the sun when he made his first processional tour round his good town of Nice. Dressed in robes of the time of François I. he makes a noble figure, and the Paris *sapin* in which he rides, if scarcely a regal carriage, is, at any rate, realistic. Taken as a whole, this year's show is quite as good as its predecessors, and the continuance of its "drawing" powers is proved by the fact that there are precious few vacant bedrooms in all Nice. South rooms are absolutely unobtainable, and one is lucky to find a room on which the sun never shines for a louis a day. So it will be seen that the awful weather of the past five weeks has failed to spoil the Riviera season after all.

A Record Season

So far as the Casino of Monte Carlo and that of Nice are concerned this season creates a record. Never have the tables brought in such enormous profits before. At the time of writing the receipts of the Société des Bains de Mer are no less than £200,000 ahead of those of last year, while Nice is over £50,000 in advance of last season. The takings at the latter casino amounted to no less than £40,000 during the last fortnight! The puzzle is as to where all this money comes from. To look at the punters it seems impossible to believe that they can contribute these enormous sums. Yet I can vouch for my figures, those of Nice being absolutely official. Mr. Lloyd George really must seriously consider the introduction of baccarat into England. As a money-raising scheme it should surely tempt any Government with wild-cat schemes to finance.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO

Titled "shots" who took part in the Grand Prix at the "Tir aux Pigeons," Monte Carlo. Reading from top to bottom they are:—
(1) The Earl of Clonmell (3) Lord Rendlesham
(2) Lord Nunburnholme (4) Lord Falconer

A "Dry" Win

The result of the Grand Prix came as a big disappointment, for neither an Englishman nor an American was in the first three. The winner proved to be a Frenchman, by name Des Chaux, and he may lay this flattering unction to his soul that his Grand Prix was the first "dry" one in the annals of Monte Carlo. This being interpreted means that, after pocketing just on 20,000frs. and a beautiful *objet d'art*, the winner absolutely declined to offer his brother-competitors anything in the shape of liquid refreshment. The weather throughout the shooting was just about as bad as it well could be, but there was a big crowd of spectators, and, thanks to some English "bookies," quite a lot of betting on the event. A second pigeon "shoot" has now been started at Monte, or, rather, on the links at Mont Agel, but, so far, the weather has been all against it. Not a few people wish that the "sport" could be confined to Mont Agel altogether.

Enterprising Casino Directors

The directors of the little casino at that almost unknown place between Antibes and Cannes — Juan-les-Pins — are distinctly enterprising, for they have engaged Paulhan and Robinson to experiment with the Curtiss hydro-aeroplane in the bay facing their establishment. At the first official trial Robinson very nearly had a nasty accident, for he misjudged his distance when trying to land — or should one say "sea"? — and had to smash up his machine to prevent it dashing into the spectators. The pilot luckily escaped with a bath. These hydro-aeroplanes are certainly remarkable machines. They ride the waves with perfect ease, and rise from the water without the least difficulty. There should be a big future for them.

About as Bright as Usual

KING CARNIVAL WEARS NO UNACCUSTOMED ASPECT AT NICE

There is an astonishing absence of originality in design about King Carnival year by year at Nice. Only very rarely is an attempt made to date the figure which symbolises the gaiety of Nice. Anything less like "a monarch of merriment" than the gentleman photographed above it would be difficult to imagine. Yet he was received everywhere last week in Nice with great enthusiasm. The Carnival does not in any way interfere with the pleasure of regular Nice visitors, as it provides them with an excuse to pay a visit to Italy or Corsica

WILL THE

STOP IN?

YES—BY AN HONEST SUPPORTER

IT is my firm belief that this time next year, and the year after next also, the same players will adorn their usual parts, while my daily friend, Mr. J. L. Garvin, will scatter his accustomed ink, especially on Sundays, in the same *Observer* and what is unkindly advertised as "*the extra late*" edition of the *P.M.G.*

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I am fully aware that Mr. Gladstone used to say that Governments often fall sick, but never recover. Yet after watching this particular Ministerial constellation with much affectionate solicitude, I note one curious feature—the pulse always weakens in the spring but quickens at Easter. It was in January, 1909, that there was the bad time over the late lamented Licensing Bill. It was in January, 1910, that the bad time came over the Parliament Bill. To-day there is a bad time over Insurance and Persia, and Mr. Bonar Law's unkindly epithets and Women's Suffrage, but—I prophesy—the horizon will lift after Lent.

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By-elections are doubtless trying to the nerves, but by-elections don't turn out a Government; indeed, they do the very opposite. When the constituencies waver, the ranks close; timid men become bold and dissensions are hushed. Again, the very word "dissensions" leads me to confess that I can't discover them. The dissensions that matter are not over trifles like the Referendum or Women's Suffrage, but over *conflicts of ambition*, fought out over policy. Now, whatever else we may think of Mr. Lloyd George, he is at least not so absurdly foolish as to cabal against the Prime Minister when he knows that if he waits his time, as a much younger man, the succession will come to him in the ordinary course of nature. And we may be equally certain that Mr. Asquith, being a Yorkshireman, would not have wended his way across Europe, leaving no postal address, unless every essential point were clear between him and the lieutenant left in charge. As for the Referendum, Governments, otherwise at one, don't split in advance of necessity, with two, if not three, quarter-days intervening.

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To every cloud there is a lining. Just as Persia threatened, Germany began to display a suggestion of complacency, developments being certain. Just as the doctors brandished their lancets, a surplus dawned on the Treasury which can, if pressed, ease the offending six shillings. As for Home Rule, I stand by a forecast which I gave in the autumn: Ireland will *not* be offered control of excise and customs as stated recently. The plan is federalism—with Home Rule all round to follow, and this means an Imperial Exchequer.

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What about the Opposition? I am not sure that Belfast has helped Mr. Bonar Law, about whose success there are two sharply divided opinions. If it be the object of statesmanship to speak extempore, in perfect grammar, and with absolute command of phrase, then Mr. Bonar Law has attained perfection. Neither Chamberlain, nor Bright, nor Burke, nor even that ragged orator, Palmerston, would have cared to face an hour and a half of it at the Albert Hall without a note on the shirtcuff. Gladstone might have risked it, but, then, he had the amazing faculty, like Mr. Balfour, of *saying nothing at any required length*. Mr. Bonar Law *must* be terse, lucid, incisive; it is his nature and his virtue; and this is why he should beware, now that he is reported verbatim. Mr. Lloyd George's reply at the City Liberal Club was days under preparation. It was excogitated in private, dictated to a secretary, polished, primed, corrected, revised—every repartee sharpened and pointed to taste. Mr. Churchill's Belfast oration underwent the same process; indeed, the very gestures are in his case premeditated. How far Mr. Bonar Law will be able to fly without these aids, time alone will show. His method puts him to a severe test.

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If I were a Tory, which I am not, and wanted to taste the sweets of office, so long denied, I should drop programmes and constructive planks and the talk about tariffs. I should simply suggest to the electors that the time had come to "Vote for Bonar Law and a Quiet Life." That was the way that Lord Salisbury governed England—as *I* think very badly. I need not add that I should not dream of giving this gratuitous and very shrewd advice to the Opposition if I had the least idea of their being so wise as to accept it.

P. W. W.

GOVERNMENT GO OUT?

YES—BY AN HONEST OPPONENT

EVEN if the Government survive the summer Session their fall in the autumn is as certain as the fall of the leaf. Nothing can save them. The country has given them a longer lease of life than it has accorded any Radical Government for more than forty years. They have repaid the confidence of the electors with legislative frauds and political chicanery, beginning with the gross deception of the Parliament Act and ending—up to date—with the hollow sham of the Insurance Act. The victory of 1909 saw the beginning of the end; and the end will come in 1912.

There is no single act of the Cabinet which has not carried with it the seeds of ultimate disaster, no scheme in prospect which will not help the final undoing. Every by-election tells the same story, every worker in the contested constituencies offers corroborative testimony. Distrust at home and misgiving abroad, a tricked electorate, and a suspicious Europe—international friends uncertain of our friendship, international rivals convinced of a duplicity they cannot understand—present an open page of political history that has had no parallel for a century.

Before the Session of 1911 came to its amazing close politicians were turning their thoughts to the fateful months of 1912, and in clubs and places where reticence is forgotten and real thoughts find expression Radicals were speculating—and even betting—on the certainty of defeat this year. Whether it would come through the demands of the Irish which no English Government could or would dare to concede; whether it approached by way of the Suffrage Bill; or whether, in despair at the hopelessness of their position, the Cabinet sought a happy issue out of all their afflictions by themselves electing to go to the country, mattered not.

The fixed idea in the minds of politicians, Radical as well as (and even more than) Unionist, was that Mr. Asquith's Government could not live through another Session. And those who had ears for the half-phrases dropped in debate, heard what they had never heard since the Radical party came into power on the great wave of popular feeling in 1906—they heard His Majesty's Ministers giving actual expression to thoughts of impending doom. "When the right hon. gentleman is called upon again to submit a Budget to Parliament"; "when right hon. gentlemen opposite are sitting where we sit now"—are the themes never heard until the end is near. They were sprinkled freely over the debates in the closing days of 1911.

But better than all the forebodings even of Cabinet Ministers are the mournful facts from Radical agents. All the electoral good worked by the victory over the

House of Lords—a victory gained on promises of reforms which the Government had no intention of fulfilling—was dissipated long before the Insurance Bill became an Act. Those speeches of mingled impudence and courage with which Mr. Lloyd George sought to "dope" his dispirited followers in the Commons were the answers to the doleful tales from the country—"We are losing ground, the Bill is unpopular, your boon is rejected." Something had to be done to stop the damaging discussion of its provisions. The "gag" was enforced; the Bill became an Act. Still the opposition grew in the country. The last amazing act of the Government is the measure of their desperation. Not to preach the gospel of Home Rule, or the righteousness of robbing a Church, or the justice of Manhood Suffrage has a great campaign been started. "The whole machinery of the party" has been set going in the forlorn hope of popularising a legislative Act for which we were told the working-man was yearning with all his soul.

With the Cabinet disunited, with bickerings on female suffrage, and recriminations over the false prophesies of the Insurance "boon"; with the Nationalist Convention demanding a form of Home Rule no British Government dare think of, and already threatening Mr. John Redmond that any half-measures will be thrown in his teeth; with Labour sulky and discontented, and Capital on the angry defensive, the portents are for all to read. His Majesty's Ministers are in their death agonies. Nothing but a miracle could save them. These are not the days of miracles, and before the year is out the country will be asked to choose successors to a discredited and defeated Ministry, and so bring a period of rest at home and quiet abroad.

C. P.

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

AS a rule, we don't hold with Leagues. But this is going to be such an important Session — what with Home Rule, Disestablishment, Insurance, Coal Strikes, Votes for Women, and—possibly—a German invasion—that it really looks as if one more League would be useful. What sort of League? A Mark Tapley League.

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Mr. Balfour is said to have developed a fine lawn tennis style since he retired from the Leadership. One wonders what Mr. Asquith will take up, when his time comes. Cricket?

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Mr. Haldane is reported to have come back from Germany with a bronze statuette of the War God, presented to him by the Kaiser in token of his respect. One hopes that if Mr. Haldane thinks of returning the gift in kind, he will have an artistic sense of fitness, and not present a bust of himself that is quite, quite life-size.

THE COMPLETE FORTUNE-TELLER

(By Alfred Leete)

The Japanese are a wonderful people, but we hope that the attempts of their Minister of Home Affairs to unify Shinto, Buddhism, and Christianity for State purposes will not be imitated in our country. We should be really sorry for our Home Minister if he tried to unify even a couple of our religions—say, Christian Science and Plymouth Fraternity.

* * *

According to one of the morning papers, the Lord Chamberlain, among his other duties, "is responsible to a certain extent for the safe-keeping of the Royal swans on the River Thames." Only to a certain extent, you understand. If you see a man trying to chevvy one of the swans out of the way of a motor-launch, for example, that is probably not the Lord Chamberlain.

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What a pity, by the way, that this Censor business goes on so unsatisfactorily. Our own solution would have been to appoint Mr. Bernard Shaw to succeed Earl Spencer, thus giving to one of the leaders of the discontented dramatists the right to control the actions of both Dear Old Charley and Important Ernest.

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A society, called the London Society, and having for its object the beautifying of London, is shortly to be formed. The duties of members have not yet been defined, but no doubt each will be sworn in to carry a small geological hammer, to be used, as the opportunity occurs, upon London statues.

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Married members might be asked to use their authority with their wives, and prevent them from wearing the new pannier skirts in London.

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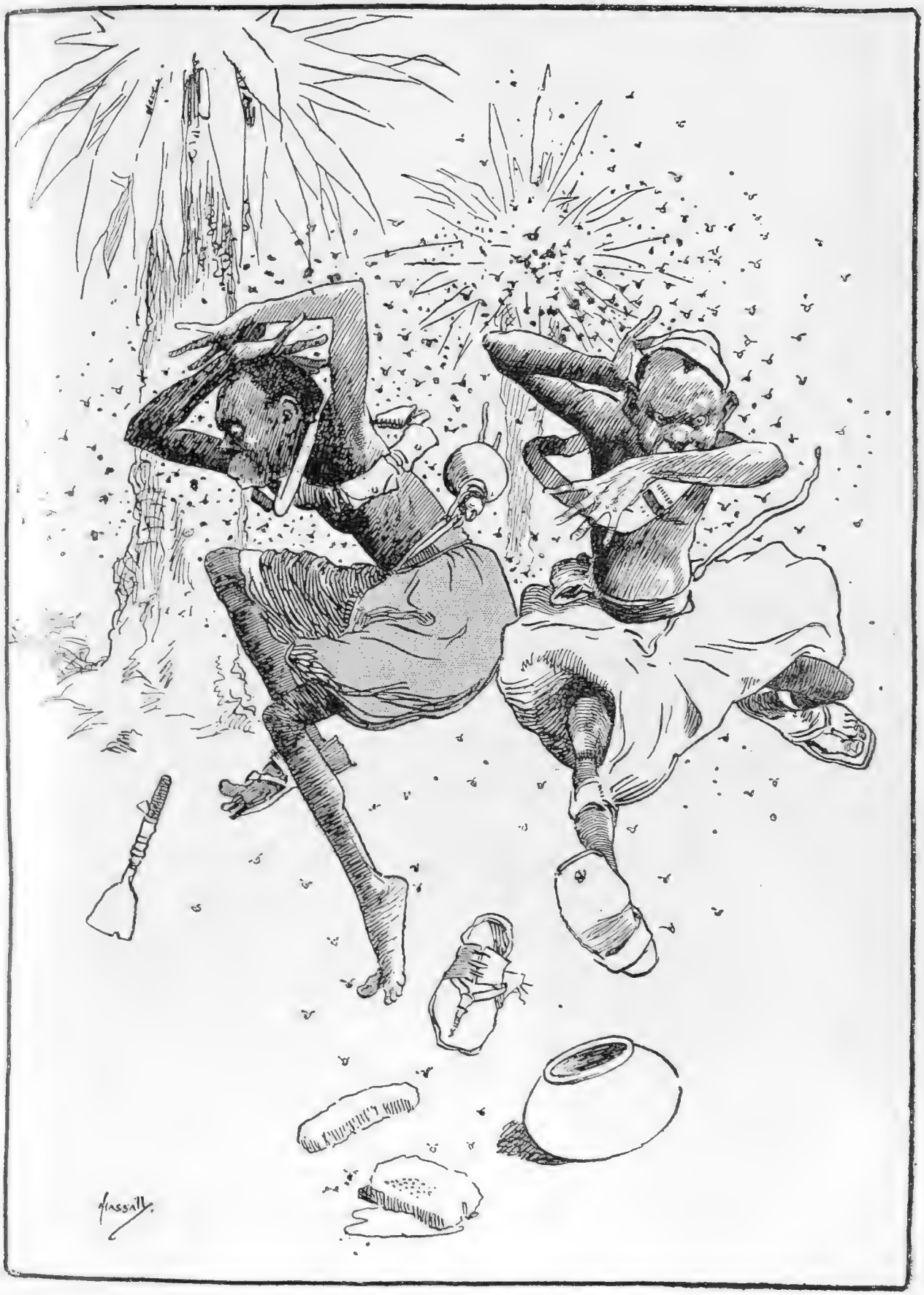
Every now and again, the Society might meet in front of the Albert Memorial, and give three groans. And members might buy up the Crystal Palace and divide it into cucumber-frames for French gardeners. But perhaps they will have thought of these things already.

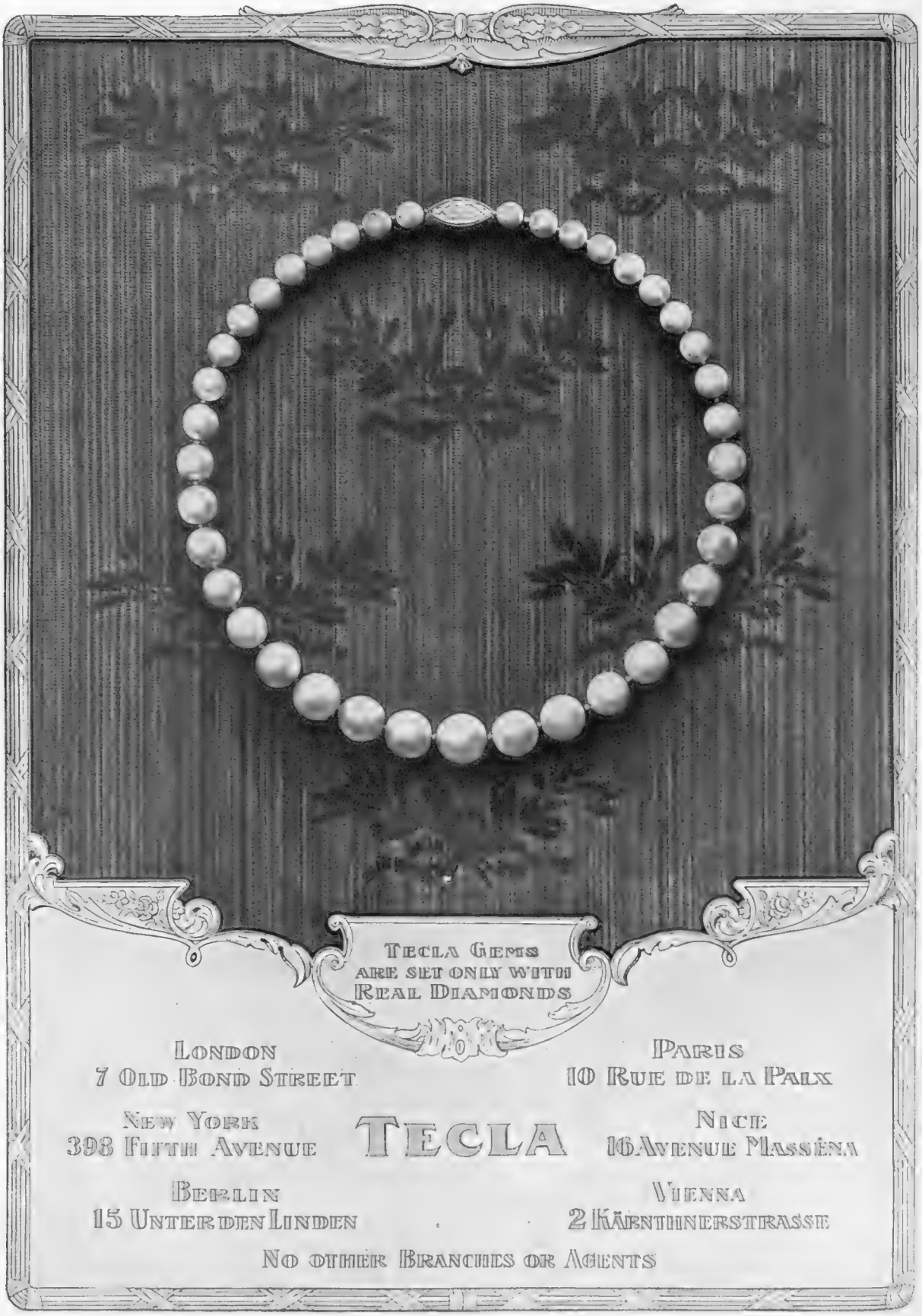
* * *

Professor Garstang has unearthed in Ancient Ethiopia some pre-Mycenean baths in an excellent state of preservation. This seems to indicate that "taking baths" is not such a novel thing as we sometimes think it, and that, in spite of our boasted civilisation, the Ancient Ethiopians were just as clever as we are at knowing how to cure themselves of over-eating.

City Notes: By John Hassall



No. I.—WEST AFRICANS KEPT MODERATELY ACTIVE



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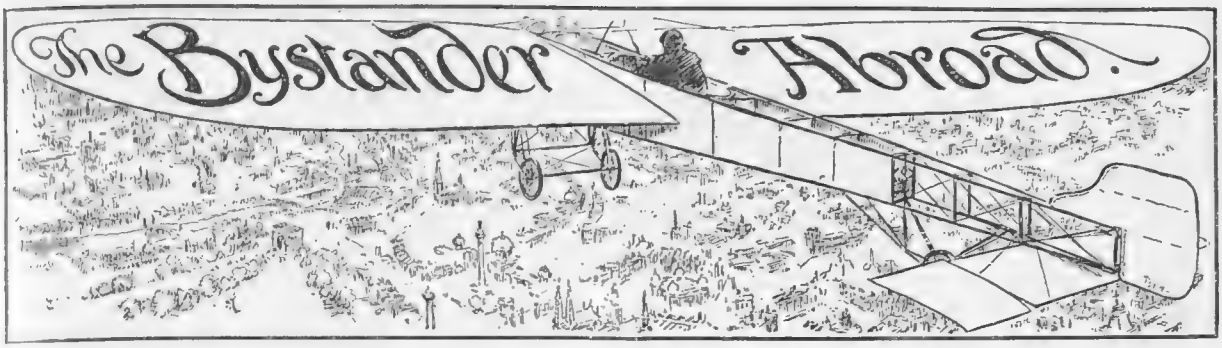

PARIS SHOWS et AUTRES CHOSES

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Away From Paris

THE absurd thing about Brussels is that it is not Paris. But nobody in his senses, unless he happened to be a Belgian, would deny that Brussels is one of the Paris shows; or, if not shows, then *choses*. You get there very quickly. You go to the train for your *apéritif*, and get there after lunch; or, if you've not been to bed the night before, you can catch a train at 8 a.m. Four hours afterwards you are listening to the Belgian language as it beats upon the breakers of the Boulevard Anspach. I think that the only real reason that Belgians are not as quick in the uptak' as French people is the language of the country. To get a few sentences of Belgian thrown at you when you don't expect them has the same effect as a sudden deluge from a very active seltzogene. You know what I mean. You have just put the powder and the water in, and Mary has cleaned up the metal-work and put the thing on the table. You are just explaining to the charming woman on your left that what your soul craves for is excitement, your finger toys carelessly with the seltzogene's ear, and you get the excitement—kersplosh. Belgian is very much like that.

Belgian Change

When I arrived the other day at midday at the Gare du Nord I wanted a cab and I wanted my lunch. There was a red-headed gentleman chewing the cud on the platform. "*Porteur*," said I. "Kellelleblekmekelek," he replied, as nearly as I could gather. But, of course, a porter always understands you, so I gave him my bag and asked for a cab. I got it. Then I found I had nothing smaller than a five-franc piece, so I gave the Flemish gentleman that and asked him whether he had change. He replied. I ducked to avoid it, but the cabman told me that he was going to get some. "Why doesn't he speak French?" I asked. "He understands it." The cabman told me that it was because he found that people paid him anything which came first so as to avoid his Flemish. He came back with the money. It was lucky I had a cab. I got a bank-note, a little silver, and a sackful of nickel ha'pennies with holes in the middle of them out of my four shillings. There were also some copper coins, only a handful or two, of the value of a fifth of a ha'penny. I gave the porter much more than his due out of compassion for the cab-horse, and the porter thanked me in pure Parisian French. But, really, you know, if the Belgian language did not exist it ought to be invented. Next time the postman comes up here and wants a New Year's present, I am going to talk Flemish to him, and this is what I'm going to say: "De bestellers mogen geene belooning hoe ook genaamd aanvaarden." It only means "postmen are not allowed to accept gratuities."

Sprouting

But I like Brussels, mind you, in spite of the language. The old town is wonderfully picturesque; the new town is beautifully cleanly kept, and the people are dears. One thing which impressed me was the size of the women. One can only describe them by the French saying that they are "*Un peu là*"—a little bit there. They are really splendid creatures, and when I said as much, and possibly more, to a native, he told me that the size of the town and the size of the women were increasing every year. "Ah, yes," I said in English, "Brussels sprouts." I had to leave for Paris before I could explain my meaning.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

NO BUSINESS GOVERNMENT!

Photograph *Underwood*

CLEMENCEAU TO THE RESCUE

"The Bystander" has at least the support of one great statesman in its antipathy to the Business Government.

"Peoples," said M. Clemenceau in the Senate, "not only do business. They follow their historic destinies and cannot escape them. I don't want to run down financiers, but I prefer them in finance to politics. They have no scales to weigh the imponderabilia of sentiment, passion, and ideas."

To which "The Bystander" cries "Bravo!"

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

NAKEDITES AND ANTI-NAKEDITES

Nudity and the Vote

GERMANY is discussing Nakedness. The simple theme which ought easily to be exhausted is not; nor is the public. Newspapers are full of "Der Kampf ums Nackte," "Muss Man Nackt Tanzen?" and cognate hard problems; and the curious feature is that these problems are entirely political. All Conservative organs take one side; and all Liberal organs another. So that if you know how a German voted on January 12, you can tell for a certainty what he thinks on the subject of Nakedness.

Conservative Prudes!

Opposition to Nakedness is the monopoly of the Conservatives and of the Centre. The Liberals, also the Radicals, who in England absorb the anti-Naked Nonconformist Conscience, are here Nakedites to a man. The more meek, *bourgeois*, Little-German, Pacifist a German is, the more surely he is a Nakedite. He denies flatly that the State has a right to meddle with Naked pictures, statues, dances, poetry, and piano-legs. The high-flying, high-living aristocrats who in England support Nakedness with all their hearts and abjure prudery as a Radical monstrosity, here in Germany are prudes to a man, and hold up their hands at the debauched predilections of the Nakedite Radicals.

Liberal in More Than Name

Practically all the German satirical weeklies are advanced Radical and Nakedite. They make war on Conservatives, Centremen, reactionaries, bureaucrats, and the Church, and at the same time they deride the police for suppressing Nakedness, the Courts for condemning it, and the Law for forbidding it. They persistently preach, by sketch and by text, that every man should be as Naked as he likes. And they print ugly pictures of magistrates in Moabite Court condemning Naked Pictures, while an enormous Naked lady in stone sprawls over the Courthouse door.

The "Shame-Feeling"

In juristic theory the eternal enemy of the Naked is "Der Normalmensch" — the Normal Man. Whatever offends the Normal Man's "shame-feeling," says the law, is by that fact proved criminally improper. But by not defining the Normal Man the law causes confusion. At Munich, when a gentleman named Rickart was tried for reproducing pictures of Adam, his defender raised the plea that the law did not say "Normal German Man," whereas the Normal Men witnesses for the prosecution were all Germans. "If you take this picture to Togoland," he proceeded, "and show it to the most Conservative negro, his shame-feeling will not be hurt. He wears as little as the picture. Yet he is a Normal Man. And Adam, the original, took no offence at his own Nakedness; and was more normal still."

Dane and German

This argument got Herr Rickart off. But sometimes it fails. The anti-Nakedites lately seized phototypes of two statues in Stockholm and Copenhagen depicting the inevitable ladies with the evitable clothes. During the trial the defending lawyer showed that German and Danish law are precisely the same, and that in Denmark also "offending the shame-feeling of the Normal Man" is the legal qualification of indecency. And the statues were not criminal in Denmark. But the Court fined the publisher, and thereby ruled that the shame-feeling of a Normal Dane is less sensitive than that of a Normal German.

All But Lèse Majesté

Last year the Normal Man objected to a copy of a French eighteenth-century picture which was exposed—in both senses of the word—in Friedrichstrasse. Prosecution followed. No one knew where the original picture was. The Court examined the copy, and remarked, "Certainly no self-respecting father would have that in his house." And it looked as if there was to be a thunderous judgment. Suddenly the Court shorthand-writer rose in a flurry, and whispered something momentous in the judge's ear. The judge blushed; and he announced that his decision could not be given without further consideration. The shorthand-writer had seen the original picture during a conducted tour through the Kaiser's palace.

WHEN SOCIALISM REALLY DOES RULE GERMANY

The Kaiser will design a Memorial Church to the late Socialist Leader Singer

The young Hohenzollern Princes, who already learn trades, will join the corresponding Socialist Trades Unions, and become comrades with numbers and all that

The Kaiser will say to Bethmann-Hollweg: "No, I'm not transacting any Government business. You forget that to-day is the First of May"

The full strength of the Army will be applied to picketing during strikes

From "*Simplicissimus*"

The Momentary Oedipus Mode

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN A STRIKING VIENNESE SCULPTURE

Photograph *Else Steeler, Wien*

A GIGANTIC OEDIPUS STATUE NOW ON VIEW IN VIENNA

This statue is by the Viennese sculptor, Herr Wilhelm Gösser, and is on view in the Vienna Künstlerhaus, where it is arousing great interest. It shows the wretched King Oedipus after he has put his eyes out on realising that he himself must bear the curses he had called down upon the head of the murderer of his father

The Retreat of the Manc

Scenes at

A MAJOLICA PAI-LO MEMORIAL ARCH IN THE GROUNDS OF THE POTALA, JEHOL

MULE-LITTER ON THE ROAD TO JEHOL

A PAGOD

Photographs

PAVILION IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, JEHOL

The Manchu Court, following on t
to be about to retire to the Palace
vicinity of wh ch are shown above
very rough, practicable only in str
the jour ey taking about six days
mountai ns, 160 miles north-east of
exceedingly beautiful examples of
The Palace has stood empty since
after her flight from th

shu Emperor Jehol.

IN THE PALACE GROUNDS, JEHOL

CARTS CROSSING THE LAST PASS BEFORE JEHOL

There is a small temple on the left

INESE SAMPANS SAILING UP THE LAN-HO

A HEAD LAMA AT THE POTALA, JEHOL

abdication of the Emperor, is said Jehol, photographs taken in the The road from Pekin to Jehol is , springless carts and mule-litters, Jehol lies among the Mongolian kin. The temples and Palace are inese and Thibetan architecture. e late Empress-Dowager returned llied Forces in 1860

THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT LANCHOW

Miss A Craies

A Classical Dancer "Roughing It" in South Africa

Photograph *W. Watson Robertson*

All stage favourites who go to South Africa are inevitably photographed in a ricksha. Nothing could be more convincing to their admirers at home that they are having a really good time. The picturesque Kaffir boy in the photograph is by now probably quite bored by the arrival of a new celebrity — Miss Maud Allan upon this occasion — demanding his services. This photograph was taken on January 6 in a typical South African garden in Pietermaritzburg

The Pond

By "SAKI"

MONA had always regarded herself as cast for the tragic rôle; her name, her large dark eyes, and the style of hair-dressing that best suited her, all contributed to support that outlook on life. She wore habitually the air of one who has seen trouble, or, at any rate, expects to do so very shortly; and she was accustomed to speak of the Angel of Death almost as other people would speak of their chauffeur waiting round the corner to fetch them at the appointed moment. Fortune-tellers, noting this tendency in her disposition, invariably hinted at something in her fate which they did not care to speak about too explicitly. "You will marry the man of your choice, but afterwards you will pass through strange fires," a Bond Street two-guinea palmoilist had told her. "Thank you," said Mona, "for your plain-speaking. But I have known it always."

In marrying John Waddacombe, Mona had mated herself with a man who shared none of her intimacy with the shadowy tragedies of what she called the half-seen world. He had the substantial tragedies of his own world to bother about, without straining his mental eyesight for the elusive and dubious distractions belonging to a sphere that lay entirely beyond his range of vision; or, for the matter of that, his range of interests. Potato blight, swine fever, the Government's land legislation, and other pests of the farm absorbed his attention as well as his energies, and even if he had admitted the possibility of such a disease as soul-sickness, of which Mona recognised eleven distinct varieties, most of them incurable, he would probably have prescribed a fortnight at the seaside as the most hopeful and natural remedy. There was no disguising the fact, John Waddacombe was of the loam, loamy. If he had cared to go into politics he would have been known inevitably as honest John Waddacombe, and after that there is nothing more to be said.

Two days, or thereabouts, after her marriage, Mona had made the tragic discovery that she was yoked to a life-partner with whom she had little in common, and from whom she could expect nothing in the way of sympathetic understanding. Anyone else, knowing both her and John and their respective temperaments, could have advanced her that information the moment that the engagement was announced. John was fond of her in his own way, and she, in her quite different way, was more than a little fond of him; but they trafficked in ideas that had scarcely a common language.

Mona set out on her married life with the expectation of being misunderstood, and after a while John arrived at the rather obvious conclusion that he didn't understand her—and was content to "leave it at that." His wife was at first irritated and then disheartened by his attitude of stolid unconcern. "Least said, soonest mended," was his comfortable doctrine, which failed woefully when applied to Mona's share of the reticence. She was unhappy and perturbed about their lack of soul-fellowship; why couldn't he be decently distressed about it also? From being at first theatrically miserable she became more seriously affected. The morbid strain in her character found at last something tangible to feed on, and brought a good appetite to the feeding. While John was busy and moderately happy with his farm troubles, Mona was dull, unoccupied, and immoderately unhappy with her own trouble.

It was at this time, in the course of one of her moody, listless rambles, that she came across the pond. In the high chalky soil of the neighbourhood, standing water was a rarity; with the exception of the artificially made duck-pond at the farm and one or two cattle pools, Mona knew of no other for miles round. It stood in a clay "pocket" in the heart of a neglected beech plantation on the steep side of a hill, a dark, evil-looking patch of water, fenced round and overspread with gloomy yews and monstrous decaying beeches. It was not a cheerful spot, and such picturesqueness as it possessed was all on the side of melancholy; the only human suggestion that could arise in connection with the pool was the idea of a dead body floating on its surface. Mona took to the place with an instantaneous sense of fascination; it suited her temperament, and it mightily suited her mood. Nearly all her walks led her to the beechwood, and the Mecca of the wood was always the still dark pond, with its suggestion of illimitable depths, its silence, its air of an almost malignant despondency. If one could indulge in such a flight of fancy as to imagine a hill rejoicing, or a valley smiling, one could certainly picture the pond wearing a sullen, evil scowl.

Mona wove all sorts of histories about the pool, and in most of them there was some unhappy, fate-buffeted

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soul who hung wearily over its beckoning depths and finally floated in sombre spectacular repose among the weeds on its surface, and each time that she reshaped the story she identified the victim more and more with herself. She would stand or sit on the steeply inclined bank that overhung the pond on every side, peering down at the water and reflecting on the consequences that would follow a slip of her foot or an incautious venturing over-near the edge. How long would she struggle in those unfathomed weed-grown depths before she lay as picturesquely still as the drowned heroine of her tale-weavings, and how long would she float there in peace, with the daylight and moonlight reaching down to her through the over-arching catafalque of yew and beech, before searchers discovered her resting-place, and haled her body away to the sordid necessities of inquest and burial? The idea of ending her despondencies and soul troubles in that dark, repose-inviting pool took firmer and clearer shape; there seemed a spirit lurking in its depths and smiling on its surface that beckoned her to lean further and yet further over its edge, to stand more and more rashly on the steep slope that overhung it. She took a subtle pleasure in marking how the fascination grew on her with each visit; how the dread of the catastrophe that she was courting grew less and less. Every time that she reluctantly tore herself away from the spot there seemed a half-jeering, half-reproachful murmur in the air around her, "Why not to-day?"

And then, at a timely moment, John Waddacombe, hearty as an ox, and seemingly proof against weather exposure, fell suddenly and critically ill with a lung attack that nearly triumphed over doctors and nurses and his own powers of stubborn resistance. Mona did her fair share of the nursing while the case was critical, fighting with greater zeal against the death that threatened her husband than she had shown in combatting the suggestion of self-destruction that had gained so insidious a hold on her. And when the convalescent stage had been reached she found John, weak and rather fretful as he was after his long experience of the sick-room, far more lovable and sympathetic than he had been in the days of his vigour. The barriers of reserve and mutual impatience had been broken down, and husband and wife found that they had more in common than they had once thought possible. Mona forgot the pond, or thought of it only with a shudder; a healthy contempt for her morbid weakness and silliness had begun to assert itself. John was not the only one of them who was going through a period of convalescence.

The self-pity and the coquetry with self-destruction had passed away under the stress of new sympathies and interests; the morbid undercurrent was part of Mona's nature, and was not to be cast out at a moment's notice. It was the prompting of this undercurrent that led her, one day in the autumn, to pay a visit to the spot where she had toyed so weakly with stupid, evil ideas and temptations. It would be, she felt, a curious sensation to renew acquaintance with the place now that its fascination and potential tragedy had been destroyed. In outward setting it was more desolate and gloom-shrouded than ever; the trees had lost their early autumnal magnificence, and rain had soaked the fallen beech leaves into a paste of dark slush under foot. Amid the nakedness of their neighbours, the yews stood out thick, and black, and forbidding, and the sickly growth of fungoid things showed itself prominently amid the rotting vegetation. Mona peered down at the dark, ugly pool, and shuddered to think that she could ever have contemplated an end so horrible as choking and gasping to death in those foul, stagnant depths, with their floating surface of slime and creeping water insects and rank weed-growth. And then the thing that she recoiled from in disgust seemed to rise up towards her as though to drag her down in a long-deferred embrace. Her feet had slipped on the slithery surface of sodden leaves and greasy clay, and she was sliding helplessly down the steep bank to where it dropped sheer into the pool. She clutched and clawed frantically at yielding roots and wet, slippery earth, and felt the weight of her body pull her downward with an increasing momentum. The hideous pool, whose fascination she had courted and slighted, was gaping in readiness for her; even if she had been a swimmer there would have been little chance for her in those weed-tangled depths, and John would find her there, as once she had almost wished—John who had loved her and learned to love her better than ever; John whom she loved with all her heart. She raised her voice to call his name again and again, but she knew that he was a mile or two away, busy with the farm life that once more claimed his devoted attention. She felt the bank slide away from her in a dark, ugly smear, and heard the small stones and twigs that she had dislodged fall with soft splashes into the water at her feet; above her, far above her it seemed, the yews spread their sombre branches like the roof-span of a crypt.

. . . . . .

"Heavens alive, Mona, where did you get all that mud?" asked John in some pardonable astonishment. "Have you been playing catch-as-catch-can with the pigs? You're splashed up to the eyes in it."

"I slipped into a pond," said Mona.

"What, into the horse-pond?" asked John.

"No, a pond out in one of the woods," she explained.

"I didn't know there was such a thing for miles round," said John.

"Well, perhaps it would be an exaggeration to call it a pond," said Mona, with a faint trace of resentment in her voice; "it's only about an inch and a half deep."

SAKI

TO AUTHORS.

THE BYSTANDER is willing to consider stories belonging to either of the two following classes:—

(a) Stories of from 2,500 to 3,500 words in length of dramatic interest. Novelty of idea specially welcomed. A brief résumé of the plot must accompany each story.

(b) Comedy stories of about 1,000 to 1,250 words. A minimum payment of three guineas will be made for such of these as are selected for publication.

Each manuscript must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Agony of Terpsichore

CONTEMPLATING THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF HER ART

THE TURKEY TROT—IN FOUR PHASES

Above are photographs of the latest aberration of the dance craze. The performers (Oscar and Suzette, at the Hippodrome) are indulging in what is known as "The Turkey Trot." Opinions may possibly differ as to the grace and charm of this new excursion, but Terpsichore surely would disown the innovation as having no relation to her great art. The background to the photograph was drawn by Mr. Charles Sykes

A Lugubrious Favourite

Mr. Alfred Lester, now playing in a sketch, entitled "The Village Fire Brigade," at the Tivoli Music Hall, has invented a new, lugubrious style of humour. His present performance establishes him firmly as one of the most amusing and wholesome comedians on the variety stage

BY NORMAN MORROW

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE FIRE SCREEN" — AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

ANGELA is an amorous grass-widow. She swoops down upon the home of her cousin Martha, and invites Martha's husband to spend a week with her at her place in St. Valerie. Just that. Martha is so busy minding her children that she will not be able to join the party. The problem, therefore, is: What is Martha to do? She begins by asking her husband not to accept the invitation; but he can see no harm in it, and, besides, he has been advised to take a holiday for his health. What? Martha then hits upon the idea of a "fire-screen." That is to say, she invites her old friend Horace Travers to her place in the country so that he may flirt with Angela and head her off, as it were. To some extent the ruse succeeds; but at length Angela discovers the reason for Horace's presence, and she gets very angry and boasts that she will take Martha's husband away from her, and all sorts of horrid things like that. Martha therefore grows desperate, and finding it imperative that her husband shall know Angela's true character, she arranges that Horace Travers shall invite Angela to his rooms, and that she and her simple-minded husband shall interrupt the *tête-à-tête* with a large and horrified query. As a good sportsman Horace is shocked at this proposal to break the golden rule of Kiss-and-never-Tell; but for Martha's sake he consents, and the programme is duly carried out.

The problem is interesting as showing the different attitude of the sexes under certain conditions. It is generally understood that men never give each other away under any circumstances, probably out of respect to the proverb that enjoins those who live in glass houses to refrain from throwing stones. Women, however, having less reason to fear reprisals, are not bound by the same code of "honour," if so delicate a term may be used in this regard; and if another woman's reputation is all that stands between them and happiness—well, it was written long ago that the way of the transgressor is hard! Martha may have excused her extreme course on the ground that her very simple-minded husband refused to believe that Angela was an undesirable acquaintance until he had met her under compromising circumstances, and her presence in the rooms of a man notorious for his gallantries therefore supplied the missing link. This is the best defence that can be offered for Martha's action; though I am far from claiming it as an adequate one.

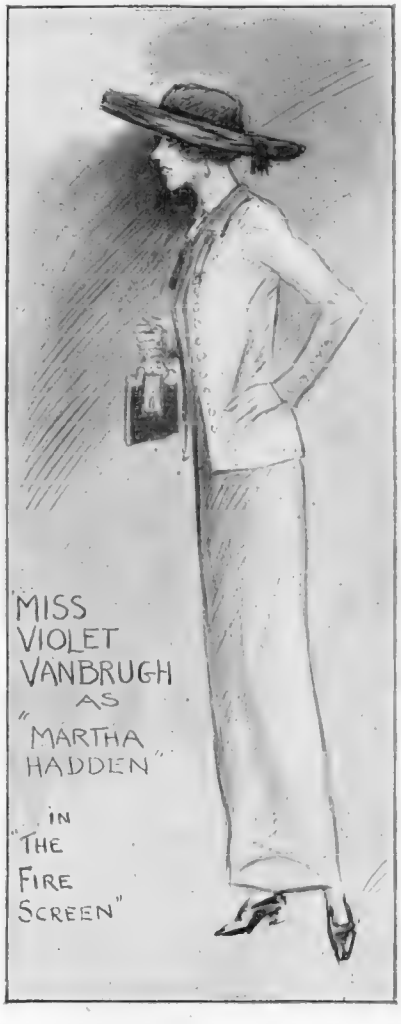
Miss Kate Cutler is most convincing as the smooth-tongued but dreadfully spiteful grass-widow; and Miss Violet Vanbrugh is majestically domestic as the long-suffering Martha. Mr. Bourchier gives a fine study of the man of the world who is a fire-screen one day and a fire-lighter the next, as opportunity serves. The acting seemed to me to be very much better than the play.

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

"THE EASIEST WAY"

The first thing to be said about this play is that it is an admirable example of well-acted, absorbing drama. The next thing to be said is——but on second thoughts I will keep that for the smoking-room. The story concerns the *demi-monde* of New York, and it justifies at once the fine old proverb which teaches us that one-half of the world does not know how the half-world lives, or something of that sort. Laura Murdock (Miss Sarah Brooke) is a chorus-girl who has taken the easiest way, which is certainly not the strait and narrow one. She has, it is true, her moments of repentance and reform, but everyone knows that the path of virtue is hard. One of Laura's better moments comes when she is on tour in Colorado. She meets John Madison, who is ready to marry her in spite of her past, if only she will lead a single life until the wedding day. In my humble opinion this is not at all an unreasonable stipulation for a prospective bridegroom to make.

For the love of this man, Laura tries very hard to be good, but fate is against her. The theatrical managers of her acquaintance have, it seems, no sympathy with chorus-girls who like to be home before midnight, and they cannot understand why a girl with a pretty face should ever be without sealskin coats and diamond rings and a first-class motor-car. Laura wants these little luxuries badly enough; but in her temporary excursion into the unaccustomed ways of virtue, they would be too dear at the price. Besides, the neighbours might talk. The day comes when Laura has to go and live in an attic, just as heroines in melodrama invariably do, and the last of her slender resources has gone. Then Elfie comes. You probably don't know Elfie; but I respectfully suggest that you should lose no time in making her acquaintance. She has all the rough wit and ready philosophy of her class, and the text of her homily is that if you can't climb over you must go round, or words to that effect. She is quite delightfully frank about the nature of her affection for her admirer, who keeps the flame of love in her heart alive by the convincing medium of a regular weekly cheque. This part is played in the best Noo York hustling manner by Miss Laura Nelson Hall, whose quaint and slangy descriptions of perfectly irregular behaviour keep the house in a prolonged fit of laughter. I have no previous experience of such a character on the London stage; the only thing I have against it is that you are obliged to do your wildest laughing surreptitiously for fear the lady at your side should want to know what it is that is amusing you so much.



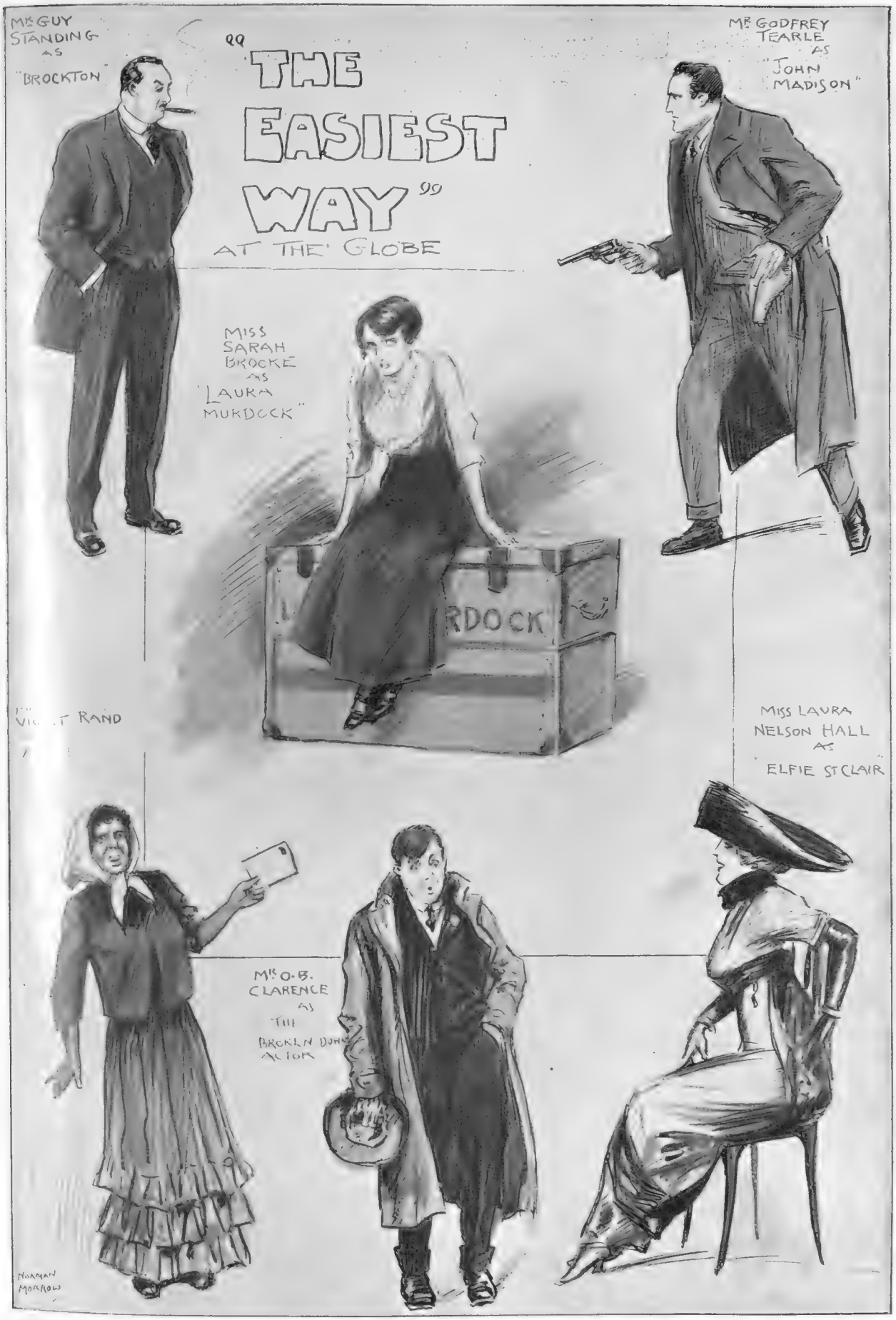
MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS "MARTHA HADDEN" IN "THE FIRE SCREEN"

The end of it is that Laura returns to the old life. The gentleman who was formerly her dear friend is willing to take her back on the understanding that she will write to John Madison breaking off her engagement. The ethics of immorality are subtle, but they are no less acute for that. Unfortunately for Laura she cannot even play a crooked game in a straight manner. Her gentleman friend is, of course, indefensible as a social unit, but he has at least the honour that is said to exist among thieves. Laura writes a letter at his dictation; she promises to post it, and burns it instead. Reprehensible as her conduct is, however, it is excusable. To begin with, there is always an excuse for a woman; and then again, as the good French proverb says, to understand all is to forgive all. We next see Laura in her splendid apartments at a leading New York hotel. She has everything that money can buy, and, therefore, it is only natural that she should be pining for the one thing that money cannot buy in satisfying quantities. That is to say—love.

Then the blow falls. John Madison, knowing nothing of Laura's relapse, writes to say that he has "struck it rich," and is coming to New York to make Laura his more or less blushing bride. What can Laura do? She is a woman still, and the prospect of a husband, a home, and—it may be—a child, maddens her with its inviting glory. She begs on her knees that her protector will go away from her—that he will give her this one chance to redeem herself, body and soul; and when he agrees to go, she skips about the place happily, prepared to lie herself, by every art and wile of mendacity, into holy matrimony. Unfortunately, she overlooks the fact that even in the half-world there are social leaders, and that she, by virtue of the wealth of her protector, is one of them. John Madison has heard rumours of her misconduct. He comes to her and begs she will deny them. It is a small concession, and as he seems to wish it so particularly, she gives the denial promptly. By this time anyone except a conscientious student of life and character may lose patience with the poor creature; and not without reason. Laura's deception, however, enjoys but a short-lived triumph. John Madison, goaded to almost impossible brutality by her callous lying, leaves her; and she is alone in the world once more. Realising her position, she calls for her showiest garments, and announces that she is about to take the shortest road to that sultry region to which the high temperature of her past life must have already done much to acclimatise her.

The acting of this strange play is not its least recommendation. In the first act three characters only appear—the woman and the two men. Yet there is not a moment of slackening interest—indeed, the first act is by no means the least thrilling of the four. Mr. Guy Standing as the man-about-town, honourable according to his lights, makes the part of Laura's protector quite a sympathetic one in spite of its undisguised brutality; and Mr. Godfrey Tearle as the perfect lover, John Madison, is convincing in his honest sentimentality. Miss Violet Rand as a coloured servant, and Mr. O. B. Clarence as an actor with a leaning towards morality, are both admirable. As for the play itself, I can only say that, provided the subject be regarded as permissible, the story is told with remorseless fidelity to life. Mr. Eugene Walter, the author, makes no pretence to literary graces—his dialogue is at times crude and even commonplace. But he takes a form of life and flays it for us so that we may see the soul within it; and he does his work at least with sufficient ability to command attention. *The Easiest Way* is, it may be, melodrama, but it is melodrama at its best.

JINGLE



"The Easiest Way," Miss Sarah Brooke's lively production at the Globe Theatre, deals intimately with a phase of life which is not usually brought into great prominence on the London stage. The heroine, after a strenuous attempt to lead a proper life, is compelled by circumstances to return to the ornamental existence of a *demi-mondaine*, from which she emerged at the call of true love. The drama is most skilfully constructed, and is interpreted by an extremely able company

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

MATTERS MUSICAL

MAX REINHARDT AND MUSIC

I am afraid the title of this article is very unsatisfactory, though scientifically defensible. For much of what I want to say has nothing to do with music, in the ordinary sense of the word, at all. Indeed, those of my readers who have been to *Oedipus* will probably have to strain their memories to recollect that there was any music beyond the preliminary and final trumpet-calls. As a matter of fact, the little there was seemed to me decidedly good, and I regret that the name of the composer, which I, myself, forget, was not given more deserved publicity in the advertisements and notices.

Calculated Sounds

But of music in the sense of calculated sounds there was a superabundance — and after several visits and much reflection I have decided that I dislike them all. Reinhardt uses sounds dramatically. In many ways he is the most "theatrical" of all producers, and shrinks from nothing that will strengthen his effects. The critical listener will have noticed how carefully he prepared dissonances to shock the ear at the most crucial moments, the queer little note that always sounded when the power of Fate was emphasised, the rumbling of drum and organ-pedal when our suspense and horror were at their height.

Distracting—

From my point of view these things failed, because they only served to distract my attention from the action of the drama. I found myself thinking of the Biblical "still small voice" in the first instance and of the throbbing of a huge steamship in the second. In a word, these sounds brought to my mind associated ideas as sounds and smells are always apt to do.

—And Unnecessary

And if the inevitable rumbling were excusable in *Oedipus*, where it might be taken to represent (as at that unforgettable, magnificent opening scene, which was, unfortunately, the climax of all the effects that followed !) the distant noise of a huge crowd, in *The Miracle* there was no reason for it at all, any more than there was for the silly twittering of the nuns after their first cry of dismay (also unnecessary) at the disappearance of the Madonna.

Scientific Sound

It seems to me that if you are going to appeal to the eye and the brain by such highly artistic and skilfully contrived mediums as, for instance, the poetry of Sophocles or the stage-management of Reinhardt, it is wrong to try and appeal to the ear by a primitive shriek or a mere noise. Far from intensifying the "atmosphere," I feel that these crudities detract from it. If sound is needed to strengthen the situation, it should be sound handled scientifically by an artist—in short, music, as we understand the term to-day. For this reason I think that Humperdinck's music contributes largely to the success of *The Miracle*, because, except in the instances I have already quoted and one or two others, all the "sound-effects" are absolutely legitimate.

Amazing Craftsmanship

Let me confess frankly that when I first saw *The Miracle* I was inclined to dismiss the music as effective and clever, truly, but quite unimportant. Another visit and the study of the score have changed my opinion. *The Miracle* contains some of the most beautiful pages Humperdinck has ever written. And the craftsmanship is amazing. If the authorities had left the original score intact instead of inserting two silly dances, one for pantomime fairies and one for things that look like hybrids between Teddy bears and the dreadful comic men in *Sumurun*, I would beg any musical reader to go and meditate on the wonderful treatment of *Adeste Fideles* and the tune we know as "Sun of My Soul." He can still admire the deft combination of the former with the Soldier's march, the finely characterised music for the entrance of the band of robbers, the Nun's Dance with the children, and, best of all, the magnificent dirge that almost prevents the procession of the Nun's dead lovers from being ludicrous. Music like this is worthy of Reinhardt. The other kind, of his own composition, I regard as an aberration of which only a genius could be capable.

FRANCIS TOYE

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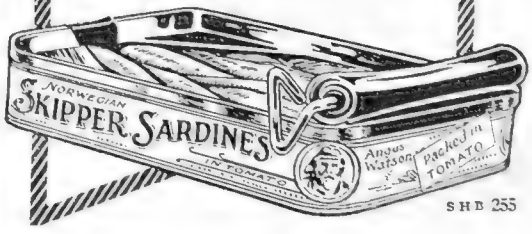

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None But Princes Need Apply

A GORGEOUS BOOK ON A GORGEOUS INDIAN COLLEGE

H.H. SIR BHAVSINHJI II., K.C.S.I., MAHARAJA OF BHAVNAGAR

Whose monumental history, in many handsome volumes, of the Rajkumar College has just been published in English

WE are all familiar with the brass plate bearing the legend, "School for the Sons of Gentlemen," which adorns the portals of many an English seaside and suburban seat of learning; we have even schools which are preferred by the nobility for the education of their offspring; but a school for the sons of princes is an institution which English exclusiveness has so far failed to compass—probably because the supply of princes in this country is distinctly limited. In the gorgeous East, however, they manage these things quite easily. At the Rajkumar College, Rajkot, every boy is a prince—a prince or Kumar of one of the many States comprising the Bombay Presidency, and what is more, the history of the College since its foundation some forty years ago has been compiled and published on a scale as princely as the institution itself by one of its most distinguished *alumni*, His Highness the Maharaja of Bhavnagar.

The labours of this eminent and industrious potentate are comprised of no fewer than six volumes, resplendent in red and gold covers, printed in red ink and large type on superfine paper, with an ornamental border surrounding every page, and profusely illustrated with a whole portfolio of photogravures. The work is intended for private circulation only, and it must be admitted that neither time, trouble, nor expense has been spared in order that the thing might be done—as we say in England—"absolutely top hole." But the result is a somewhat cumbersome production in the figurative as well as the literal sense.

Since its institution in 1870 the College has had three headmasters, or principals, all three of them men of Public School and 'Varsity training, and the most interesting part of its history is that which deals with their attempts—only partially successful—to "run" the College on English public school lines. Our own Royal princes, when they go to school or college, are primarily schoolboys, cadets, or undergraduates, as the case may be, and are allowed to associate with the ordinary mortals by whom they are surrounded. But your Indian princeling is such a howling swell that he may not be intimate even with his equals. He must live, partly, no doubt, in obedience to the dictates of his religion, in a state of splendid isolation. When the College was founded, each Kumar had his own suite of apartments and his own private retinue of servants, including four armed guards, and headed by the Musahab, or body servant, whose duty it was never to let his Kumar out of his sight so long as he was not under the supervision, either at work or play, of the College authorities. The English principals, fully alive to the value, according to English ideas, of what may be termed the corporate life of a public school as well as to the disadvantages of keeping a boy always in leading strings from the moment he awoke to the moment he fell asleep, tried by slow degrees to break down this traditional barrier of privacy. They did a good deal, of course, by introducing cricket, football, and other English games, for Indians, as a race, are naturally addicted to games and sports of all kinds, and the education of the Kumars on the playing fields went on as smoothly and as successfully as in the class-rooms.

But this only served to bring the boys together when they were, so to speak, officially at play; their meal-times and leisure hours were spent in privacy. To obviate this the introduction of the dormitory system and of a common mess-room was mooted from time to time, together with the abolition of the private servant system; and some tentative experiments were made, particularly with a view to enabling the boys to do without their private Musahabs and to fraternise over their meals. But a report by the School Council advocating an extension of these experiments and a more wholesale application of English principles, which was circulated among the States as late as the year 1908, was not at all favourably received. The august papas and mammas of the youthful aristocrats apparently would have none of it. So it is that the young Kumar while at school lives a life somewhat analogous to that of an elderly and exclusive bachelor in sumptuous residential chambers. One can hear an English schoolboy's comment on school life of this description. He would probably ejaculate simply, but emphatically, "What rot!"

Of the "Old Boys" who have been educated at the Rajkumar College, the best known in this country is His Highness the Jam of Navanagar, otherwise Prince Ranjitsinhji, otherwise "Ranji"—the idol of the English cricket enthusiast. It is characteristic of the thorough way in which the book is compiled that you can find in it a history of "Ranji's" doughty deeds on the cricket field recorded with a completeness worthy of *Wisden's Almanac* itself. The learned author himself was at the College from 1884 to 1889, and his father, the late Sir Takhtsinhji, was its first pupil.

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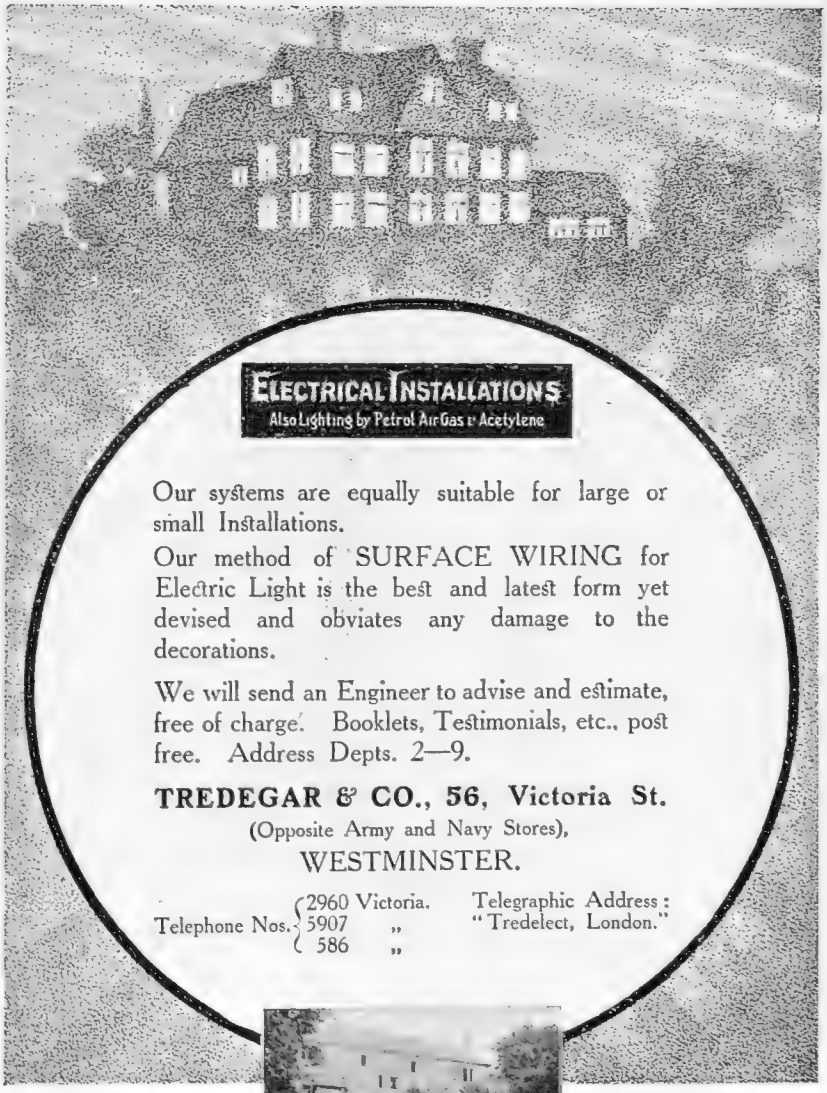

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

OSCAR WILDE: A GENUINE CRITICISM AT LAST

Oscar Wilde

The time has not yet come—perhaps it will never come—for a full-dress biography of Oscar Wilde, but already his work, from being read by the few, has come to be appreciated and enjoyed by the many. He is on the railway bookstalls; he sells at a shilling! I imagine that such a popularity would have amused him. Yet it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. Even though every one of his friends agrees that he reserved his best work for his conversation, Wilde certainly wrote great things. His plays, however artificial you please to call them, occupy an appreciable niche in the history of the British drama, and very probably a hundred years hence will be taken by serious professors as the subjects for serious lectures. Already, indeed, he has become the subject of innumerable essays and lectures. In France his name ranks high. In Germany he is a classic, and one enthusiast is reported to have said that his name is really German, and, therefore, to be pronounced, dissyllabically—Villder! His works have been translated into more than a dozen languages, and a bibliography of his works literally fills volumes. Yet he has been dead for no more than twelve years, and his tragedy is not yet altogether forgotten.

OSCAR WILDE

From the painting by Harper Pennington in the possession of Robert Ross, Esq. It forms the frontispiece to Mr. Arthur Ransome's study, reviewed on this page

An Appreciation

The first purely critical book on him, however, to be published in this country—the work of that admirable writer, Arthur Ransome—has been issued only this week under the title of *Oscar Wilde: A Critical Study* (Martin Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It forms one of that series of critical studies of modern writers which is increasing Mr. Secker's growing reputation as a publisher of good books. Mr. Ransome's study of Poe prepared me for a wise book upon Wilde, and he is not disappointing. The present volume is a fine and carefully balanced piece of work, and the author obtains your sympathy on his first page. "I wished, at first," he records, "to write a book on Wilde's work in which no mention of the man or his tragedy should have a place." But that, as he admits, was impossible. There is too much of Wilde in his work for the two to be separated. To understand his writings you must know something of the man, and *vice versâ*. This is the merest truism, but it is, I think, truer in the case of Wilde than in that of a large number of other writers. And so, running through this interesting volume, there is just the skeleton of a personal narrative, which gives at once backbone and coherence to Mr. Ransome's critical conclusions. "It is too easy," he maintains, "to talk glibly of the choice between life and literature," and here in these pages there is a double unfolding—calm and dignified, and written in a language that would not have shamed Wilde himself. It is a really wise book. Mr. Ransome delves skilfully into the corners of Wilde's literary character; he corrects the one or two errors which have arisen about him; and you feel that Mr. Robert Ross (whom I should be glad to meet), in his rôle of literary executor to Wilde, will not be disturbed by yet another libel on his friend.

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If you take a brainless but agreeable young man who is heir to a barony and make him fall in love with the chief actress in a metropolitan pantomime, more particularly if you add a couple of distressed parents on the baronial side and a grandmother not too eager for an alliance on the theatrical side, and if, further, you leave everyone fairly pleased with everyone else on the last page, you have the materials for one of the oldest and most threadbare plots on record. And yet with such a plot Mr. J. C. Snaith, in *The Principal Girl* (Methuen: 6*s.*), has written one of the most refreshing and original books I have read for some time. He sees things in such a freakish way, and his wit is like nobody else's. He bubbles—in the best literary manner. Also, he is charmingly personal. He met his heir to the barony near Hyde Park Corner;

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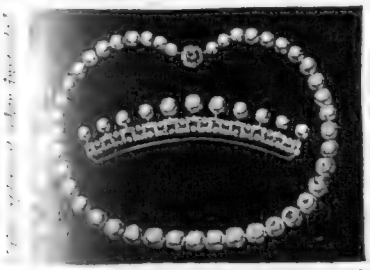

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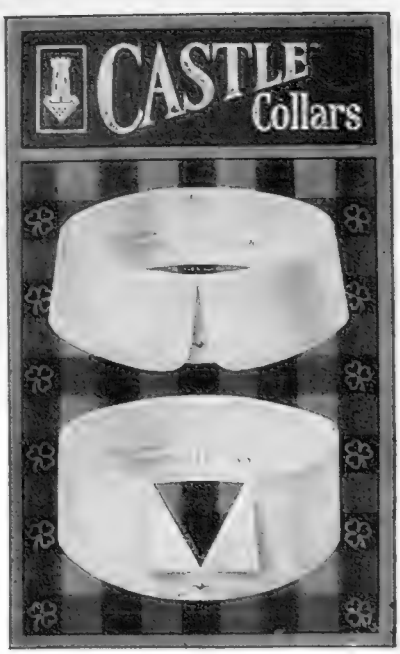

the heir nearly ran over him—and here is Mr. Snaith's revenge. Phil-ip (the hyphen is important) is delightful, and his method of getting into Parliament is one of the most delicious pieces of nonsense ever penned. I should like to invent a special epithet to describe the book. Snaithy suggests itself, but might give offence; but the book is joyous and exuberant, and impish and enormously funny, and diverting and ridiculous, and—and so on. Perhaps I may call it a masterpiece of absurdity. It may certainly be warmly recommended.

Fiction or Fact

It was once suggested that someone should write a novel in the second person, and an anonymous author, a woman, may almost be said to have followed such advice in *He Who Passed* (Heinemann: 6*s*.). The book is dedicated "To M. L. G.," and explains in a very sincere and moving way why the writer could not marry the one man she loved. This does not read like fiction, and may not be fiction. It was written, the unknown author says, solely for the man who passed, and if he sees it, and the story is true, we shall one day read of a "Romance in Real Life" and be very pleased with ourselves (if we have read the book) to find that everything has turned out well. The man's personality occasionally intrudes, but the story, for the most part, just lays bare the writer's early struggles as an actress in America. She has her success, but at a cost which is too great to allow her to marry. She cannot tell the truth to this mysterious "M. L. G.," except through the pages of a book. Occasionally there are very painful passages to be told, but the author knows the artistic value of restraint, and you are never shocked. Indeed, you are in complete sympathy with her. As a piece of literature, the book certainly has considerable claims. It should meet with success, and consequently there is a good chance of its reaching the desired haven. I, for one, hope that it may.

"The Lure"

Miss E. S. Stevens's new novel, *The Lure* (Mills and Boon: 6*s*.), is not a very satisfactory piece of work. It is too long and too diffuse. The lure is a middle-aged Apollo, called Huntly Goss, a specious, theatrical, cruel-minded humbug, with a down-trodden wife and an idiot for a stepson. He is a man who all his life has divided his attention between women, who fall in love with him, and financial schemes, which are not often successful. Anne Moorhouse meets him during the establishment of the *Orb*, a Society paper (started by Goss), supposedly written exclusively by and for the aristocracy. She is caught by the glamour of the man, but recognises her folly in time, and marries the soldier who is in love with her. In the second, and more interesting, part of the book, she meets Goss in Khartoum. Some little time has elapsed. He has now some scheme on hand for utilising the superfluous crocodiles which abound in Northern Africa. For a time he is once more the lure, but he goes too far, and circumstances, rather melodramatic circumstances, show Anne, and incidentally her husband, what kind of man this Huntly Goss is. Several of the characters seem to have but small *raison d'être*, and the dialogue, unduly prolonged here and there, is not brilliant. *The Lure* is not, perhaps, a wholly commonplace book, but it is an irritating book, even though the characters of Goss and Anne stand out sharply defined.

RALPH STRAUS

POTTED PLAYS AT THE POLITICAL THEATRE: "THE GLAD EYE"

(By Sidney Strube)

A Parliament Guide

In the new edition of *Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench* for 1912 (565pp., cloth bound, 7*s*. 6*d*. net) will be found a most complete and efficient guide to the changes which have taken place in the *personnel* of Parliament since the last General Election; on pages 11 to 17 all these details are fully set forth in a form handy for reference, while under the constituencies are given the Parliamentary populations, as disclosed by the last census, which, in view of proposed electoral reform and a new Franchise Bill, should be of especial interest at the present time. It is also noteworthy, as mentioned in the preface, how few Ministers still hold the same posts to which they were originally appointed when the present Administration was formed. Indeed, this is an indispensable volume.

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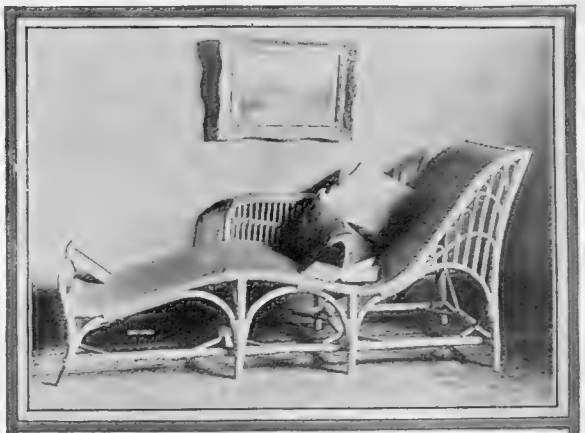

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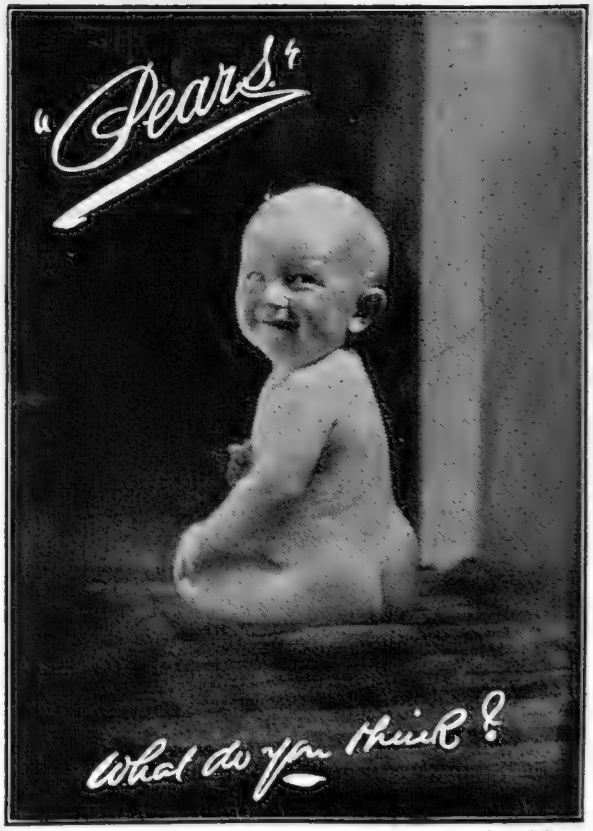

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(Signed) M. P. NELIGAN,
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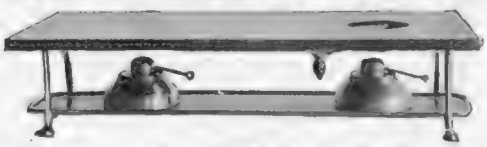

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

WHO SAID "DECADENT"? ENGLAND'S REPLY TO PESSIMISTS

Why It Was Dark

On the afternoon of Tuesday in last week London was plunged quite early in Cimmerian darkness. It was an overhead fog, of course, that did it, but one, to my way of thinking, of quite a special kind. For had not England that very day won the rubber? And lo! Here were the "Ashes" returning post haste in a cloud from Australia to take up their abode in the land of their origin! If that was not the real reason why it got so dark it was quite cheering, at any rate, to think so. Englishmen, as a rule, I fancy, would rather that Test Match cricket were played like ordinary cricket, but that is a detail, for there is no getting away from the fact that we *are* tremendously keen about those Ashes; and for Douglas and Co. to have recovered them so splendidly matters a very great deal. It is just the sort of thing we all want, and it comes at a most opportune time.

Photograph Sport and General

D. MACMILLAN

Who, at Fenner's, Cambridge, won a Hundred Yards' Handicap from scratch in 9¾sec., which is only ⅘ over the world's record, and equals the British amateur record

England's Bad Time

There has been a lot of talk for some time past about England's decadence in sport, and English sportsmen have rather chafed under it, especially as it looked, upon the face of it, to be true. But they felt in their hearts that it wasn't. They knew that owing to the spread of athleticism all over the world and the pioneer work done by England herself therein, her erstwhile pupils had learnt gradually to hold, and sometimes even to beat, her at her own games. But they rather preferred, being sportsmen, that this should be so. It was better than for English picked teams at cricket, football, polo, and so forth to go trekking around taking on soft jobs year after year. They knew, moreover, that in all forms of sport there must necessarily be ups and downs, and that the occurrence of two or three lean years in the athletic history, whether of a club, a county, or a nation, does not in the least mean that that club, county, or nation is going to the dogs. Consequently, although they were forced to admit that we were doing pretty badly all round, they were beginning to get tired of the continued reiteration of such phrases as "Poor Old England," "Wake Up, England," and "What are we coming to?" and to long for our turn to come.

THE INTER-HOSPITAL RUGBY CUP: BART'S v. THOMAS'S. A FORWARD RUSH BY BART'S

In this match at Richmond, last Thursday, strenuous rather than scientific play was (as is usual in these encounters) the order of the day. Bart's won by three goals and a try to two tries

The Tide Has Turned

The tide has for some little time past been on the turn, and now we are beginning to feel the full force of the flood. Of late we have been doing pretty well, thank you, instead of pretty badly. And we rejoice to think that this takes quite as much, if not more, doing than it used to. The last fortnight or so has been a red-letter fortnight in the annals of English sport. It has seen our men regain the Championship of the World (for that is what it amounts to) at cricket; it has proved that we can turn out a Rugby football team of the best, and that English Association football—"splits," "boycotts," and their attendant inconveniences notwithstanding — is still booming. And quite lately a young Cambridge athlete has done the hundred, on a windless day, in a fifth of a second under level time. After this, to parody the words of the bo'sun on a certain famous occasion: "The first josser as says 'decadent' out 'e—goes!"

H. S. S.

GOLF

The Standard Ball Question

I know that my readers will think that I have become afflicted in the same manner as was poor Mr. Dick in the matter of King Charles's head. But I must risk this suspicion, for the ball standardisers, in their persistent crusade, leave me no option in the matter. It is no use standing idly by and doing nothing when one sees an attempt being made to import further restrictive legislation into a game, one of whose greatest glories has been its freedom of choice in the matter of the implements with which it is played. We have had one battle about the form and make of clubs. That question has been settled, and has passed

into history. The decision on that point was accepted because the clubs which were barred were used by a very small minority of players. The reason why I fought so strenuously against that legislation was not because I liked any of the condemned clubs. I detested them, and always thought them poor and inferior weapons. But I foresaw that once the principle of interference with the player's freedom of choice in clubs was established other consequences would inevitably follow. One of those consequences would be interference with freedom of choice in balls. My fears have been amply justified, and we are now in imminent danger of being forced into a heated and pernicious struggle over the ball which players may or may not use. The requisition which the standardisers intend to submit to the Amateur Championship delegates, and which they have sent out for signature by those who have competed in that Championship or are entitled by their handicap to compete in it, runs as follows :

A Pernicious Requisition

"The undersigned suggest to the delegates of the clubs managing the Amateur Championship that they consider the question of whether it is possible to ordain that all entrants for the Championship must use balls of the same material and structure." Now, I will not go again into the reasons which differentiate golf from all other games, but I will content myself with pointing out that the logical conclusion to which the principle animating this requisition would lead us would be that all players in a competition must use not only a ball of the same make and construction, but also clubs of a similar uniformity. This idea must be inherent in any proposal for forcing all players in a competition to play with one and the same kind of ball. The requisitioners have not yet agreed upon a standard ball, but they want the delegates, to use a common phrase which fits the situation, to buy a pig in a poke.

Who is to Settle the Question?

In the unlikely event of the delegates being instructed by their clubs to agree to the prayer of the requisition, the next move will have to be that of settling the material and structure of the standard ball. How and by whom is that knotty question going to be settled? Obviously by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the ruling authority of the game. In view of this it is probable that the delegates would shrink from placing the Amateur Championship on a separate footing from the rest of the game. Then the raging and tearing propaganda will be carried to the Royal and Ancient Club, which will become once more the centre of a furious storm. The only satisfactory way of settling this question would be by a referendum carried out by the ruling club. I suggest that the expense of such a referendum should be borne by those who are promoting and signing the requisition. Those who agree with my views on the standard ball question would, I am sure, be perfectly content to abide the issue of such a referendum. ERNEST LEHMANN

RACING : Services Races. BY CARBINE

Clashing of Newbury and Sandown

Soldiers' meetings are close at hand, the gathering at Newbury on Friday being a sort of preliminary canter for the bigger event at Sandown Park next week. In a social sense there is only one "Grand Military," but I cannot help thinking that the new fixture at Newbury considerably jeopardises the success of the older fixture from the sporting standpoint, as many of the events at the two gatherings are of a precisely similar type. Fortunately, the Grand Military Gold Cup, Sandown's premier steeplechase, finds as yet no counterpart at Newbury, and there will probably be sufficient good-fellowship among those responsible for the younger meeting to prevent any clashing with a race of such historic interest. Still, this fact has not helped the entry for the coming Gold Cup, which is singularly poor alike in numbers and quality. It seems to me that Sprinkle Me has only to come out in fair trim in order to repeat his victory of two years ago.

This Week's Prospects

As the Grand National draws nearer there is a pronounced "bucking-up" of things in general in N.H. racing, and goodness knows an improvement on the deadly dull racing of January was sorely needed. Hurst Park last week-end gave us some really fine racing, and the ideal weather helped us to enjoy it. Let us hope for similarly favourable conditions for the meeting at Newbury this week-end, when the programme is very strong all round. On Friday we have a Grand National Trial Steeplechase, which seems likely to live up to its title. Caubeen won it last year, and may repeat his success, but my fancy is for **Carsey.** For the United Services Cup on the same afternoon my selection is **Carrigrue,** and **Telbedde** may win the Spring Hurdle Race. On the following afternoon the Newbury Steeplechase will be the chief event, and it may be secured by **Royal Birthday.** The Army and Navy Steeplechase may fall to **Long Water,** and I expect **Foolhardy** to secure the United Services Hunter Cup again.

National and Lincoln

Rathnally was the strongest order last week in regard to coming handicaps. I have much respect for Mr. O. Jones's horse, regarding him as one of the best natural jumpers we have seen for a long time, but does he really represent a 6 to 1 chance, the price at which he was recently quoted? Remember that he carries 11lb. more than last year, when he didn't win, though manifestly unlucky. Remember, too, that other horses besides Rathnally had bad luck last year—Jenkinstown, for example. Nor did he have to meet Jerry M., who it is hoped will be in the field this year. All things considered, then, Rathnally ought to see a longer price than 6's unless Jerry M. goes wrong. As for the Lincolnshire Handicap, little change since last week is to be recorded. I am firmly of the opinion that Moscato is the best-treated horse in that race, and he or Sobieski, who is much fancied at Newmarket by good judges, will probably be my selection when the time comes.

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I, in common with several of my friends, consider the "Continental Three-Ribbed Tyre" as the best of its kind on the market.

Kindly let me have your early reply as to the sizes you recommend for the new Car and oblige

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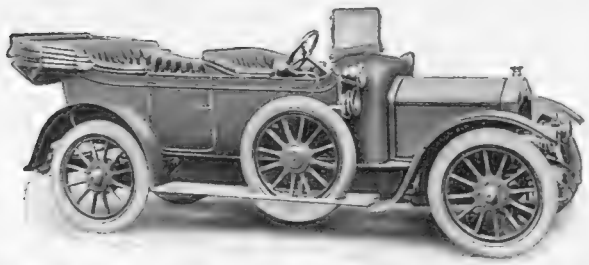

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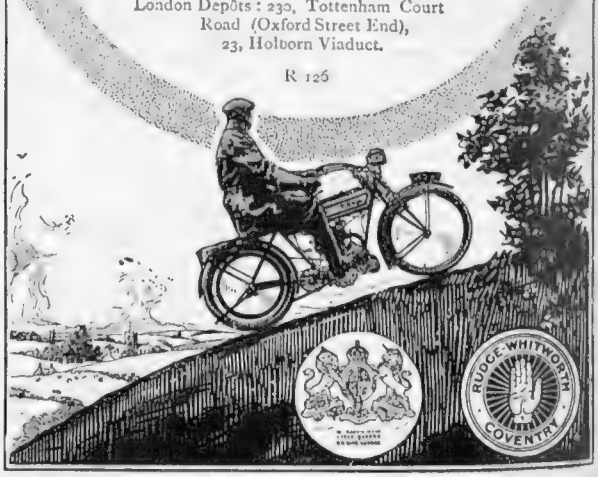
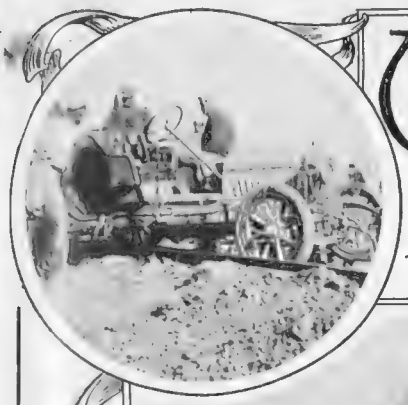
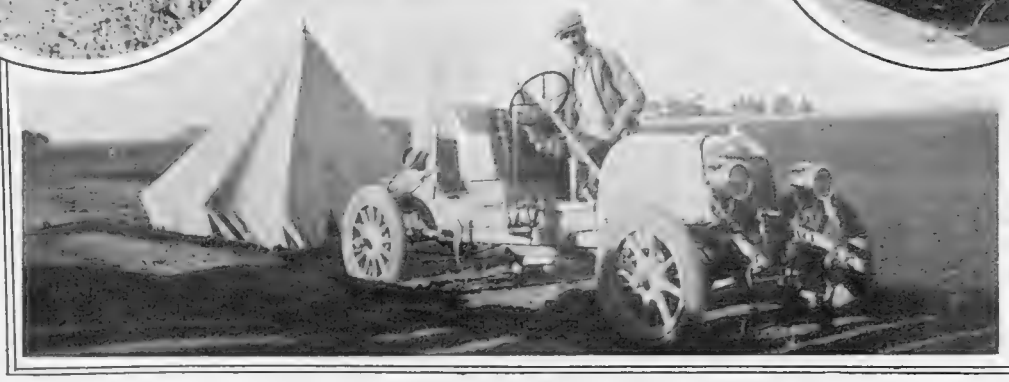




MOTORING BY Land, Sea & Sky



FROM CAIRO TO LUXOR BY MOTOR-CAR: A HALT EN ROUTE

Baron Waclewiczek has just concluded the journey from Cairo to Luxor by motor. It occupied nine days, and was full of exciting experiences, as there is practically no road, and innumerable obstacles had to be overcome, while hostile natives were encountered. The Baron used for this journey a miniature two-seated car, from which the body was entirely removed to make it as light as possible. Seating accommodation for three was arranged, the Baron having as companions Prince Steinfurth and Count Schlick (the latter may be seen in the bottom photograph standing in the car)

The Road "Guides"

Frankly, this latest move projected by the Royal Automobile Club to place uniformed "guides" on the road likes me little. Shortly, it is trespass upon ground already occupied by the Automobile Association. Bluntly, when divested of its trimmings, it has the unpleasant savour of an unfriendly act. Clearly, it will mean friction and waste of power and money, all of which are undesirable and, if wisdom prevailed, unnecessary. Inevitably, if the idea is pressed, the A.A. will fight, and—the A.A. will be right.

The Raiders

So, and once again, we have the prospect of conflict where peace might much more profitably prevail. If these two bodies of automobilists cannot get together, at least they might agree to keep apart. Everybody is content to allow the R.A.C. to govern, to dominate in politics, to remain the head of the technical trial and lord of the social side. But everybody, it seems, is not content to allow the A.A. to continue its excellent work for private motorists upon the road. The "scouts," or patrols, are the A.A.'s great foundation, the A.A.'s great idea, the primal explanation of the A.A's great two-guinea membership—nearly twice as great as the R.A.C., after the R.A.C. has paraded all its associated guinea and five-shilling legions. It is the A.A.'s ewe lamb, and the R.A.C. wolf is after it.

AN AIR-CRAFT ALL AT SEA

During the Curtiss Hydro-Aeroplane Trials at Juan-les-Pins, the aviator Robinson nearly met with a nasty accident. At the first official trial he misjudged his distance, and to avoid dashing into the spectators he came down at sea, but was lucky enough to escape with a wetting

The Olympians

The R.A.C. has all Olympus to itself, not by divine right, nor as acknowledgment of a notable fitness, nor for any special reason at all save a passive consent. But the R.A.C. is not satisfied with Olympus. It seems to want the earth—or the roads on it. I daresay that is product of pressure from without. Its members naturally want to get as much as they can for their money. That is the reason why the R.A.C. annexed the A.A.'s idea of free legal defence. That, I imagine again, is the reason for the present suggestion to put scouts, inartistically disguised as guides, on the road.

How Not To Do It

Now that cuts into the heart of the work of the A.A., and the A.A., naturally, is not delighted. Undoubtedly the A.A., being, as I have indicated, a

vigorous and full-blooded body, will enter the protest of action. It cannot deny the right of the R.A.C. to give birth to scouts if that is to be the result of the R.A.C.'s present travail. It cannot very effectively argue that such trespass upon its particular preserve is neither cricket nor sportsmanship, because this, primarily, is business and not sport at all—although I am disinclined to exclude the spirit of sport utterly. But it can point out with some emphasis that, if the unity of the motoring movement is the desirable thing the R.A.C. has always represented it to be, this is a splendid example of how *not* to secure it.

Bettering Our Instruction

Here is a small item of news of large importance. With no more for inspiration a man might write a book, the burthen of which would be the characteristically British habit of bettering an instruction. Whatever our sloth in adopting an idea (and we are often slow enough for a funeral — which we sometimes attend because of our sloth in the character of the corpse!) when we do move we move swiftly; sometimes so swiftly that we overtake our masters, reduce them to pupils, and leave them agasp at the revolution wrought. In how many specific cases other than that of the car is that characteristic exemplified? Probably thousands; but the car is a classic example. Now we instruct France; and particularly we instruct France in those accessories to motoring comfort and efficiency which the coming of the car first suggested.

TESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

The photograph shows Loch Lomond Side after the recent heavy snowfall, and the car is one of the little 12 h.-p. Argyll two-seaters undergoing its final test. This model is fitted with worm-driven rear axle, four-speed gear box and front wheel brakes, has a most comfortable body, and is delightfully easy to drive

Detachable Wheels in France

The item of news I am referring to is in point. It relates to the formation of an enormously strong company of French manufacturers embracing a large number of the great names of the "Who's Who" of French automobile commercialism—the Chevalier Rene de Knyff, MM. Lemoine, Renault, Clement, Vinot, Garnier, Panhard, Brasier, Faure, Turcat, Seiguel, Nullier, Bellard, and de Saunier, not to mention such organised supporters as the Unic, Peugeot, and Hotchkiss Companies. This Company, the R.A.F. (Roues Amovibles Francaises) has already installed plant in its works in the Rue Franklin, Ivry-Port Department of the Seine, for the purpose of manufacturing — detachable wheels. And the wheel selected by this congregation of the expert great from the wheels of the world is—the Dunlop!

'Twas a Famous Victory

Here, indeed, is a victory for the British product and an exemplification of my text. We lagged in taking hold of the car, then took hold with both hands, and went ahead, adding accessories as we went. The detachable wheel was one such accessory. Its particular origin does not signify so much as the fact that we saw the idea in relation to the car, and immediately adapted it to our purposes. Its utility has been splendidly demonstrated. It has for a good time been a settled feature of our best-equipped vehicles. But the French hesitated. Could anything mechanically good and acceptable for the car which France first exploited come out of England, the pupil of France in automobilism? The conversion has been slow therefore but the demonstration of the enormous value of the wheel not only in trials and races, but in private use, hurried the conversion forward. Now we have all these forefront manufacturers combining not only to adopt it, but to adopt the Dunlop British form of it. The selection is gratifying enough in the circumstances to England generally, but is particularly gratifying to Dunlops. I add my still small note of congratulation to the chorus, and need only add further that the wheel will be made and sold under a trade mark consisting of a design in combination with the letters R.A.F. —the initials, of course, of the Roues Amovibles Francaises.

In Compression

The Michelin Tyre Company, Ltd., Fulham Road, Chelsea, S.W., have just issued a new "Instruction Plate Booklet." This attractive little brochure contains a

The Strongest Chassis at the Manchester Motor Show—See the N.B. Self-Starting S.C.A.T. on Stand No. 40, MANCHESTER SHOW. NEWTON & BENNETT, Ltd., 35, King Street West, Manchester. London Showrooms: 34, Knightsbridge, S.W.

MICHELIN'S "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

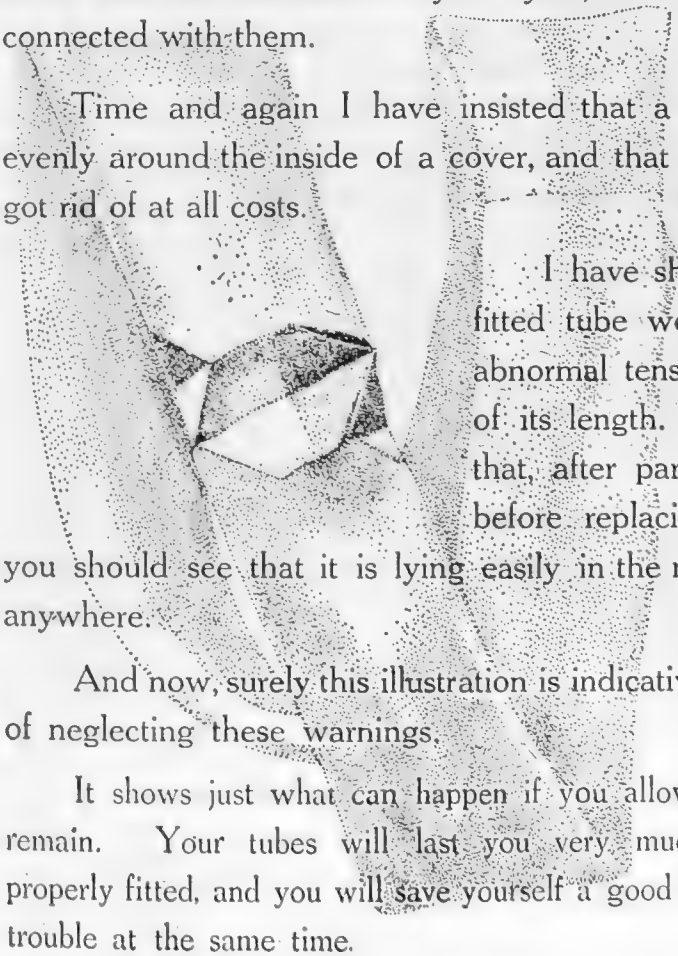
Exhibit A

The inimitable Mr. Dooley says, somewhere, that the thick end of a base-ball club will convince a man more quickly than any amount of argument.

I must confess, however, that in the present connection at least, the Dooleyian method does not appeal to me.

For even as the pen is sometimes mightier than the sword, so the camera is more convincing than the club; and I believe that by showing you exact drawings, made from actual photographs, of the disastrous results of mistakes made by Michelin users, I can go a long way towards persuading you that it is impossible to lavish too much care and attention on your tyres, and on all the little details connected with them.

Time and again I have insisted that a tube must be placed evenly around the inside of a cover, and that every crease must be got rid of at all costs.



I have shown that a carelessly fitted tube would be subjected to abnormal tension in several sections of its length. I have warned you that, after partly inflating the tube, before replacing the second bead, you should see that it is lying easily in the rim and is not twisted anywhere.

And now, surely this illustration is indicative of the inadvisability of neglecting these warnings.

It shows just what can happen if you allow folds and creases to remain. Your tubes will last you very much longer if they are properly fitted, and you will save yourself a good deal of trouble at the same time.

series of reproductions from actual photographs, illustrating the effects which result from the misuse or careless treatment of motor-covers and tubes. There is no doubt that the motorist who applies the hints given will considerably reduce his tyre bill. As the impression is being rapidly exhausted, I would recommend all who wish to secure the booklet to send a postcard at once to the Michelin Tyre Company, who will send a copy free on application.

"The most meritorious performance during 1911." That, in the view of our highest authority, the R.A.C., was the achievement of the 15.9 Sunbeam which, last October, for a distance of 106 miles, 104 of them being run with a Cape hood up, on such heavy touring country as a man will find between Ewell, Reigate, Westerham, Horsham, and Brooklands, went through under observation without an involuntary stop, gave 22.65 miles to the gallon, and 30.76 ton miles, and then finished up on the track at over 65m.p.h. for a distance of 13¾ miles (about). Thus for the second time the Sunbeam has captured its much-coveted gold medal of the year. A splendid feat indeed.

A "SWEET SEVENTEEN" MAUDSLAY LIMOUSINE

The weight of the body has been curtailed to a marked degree, so that it is only about 1¼ cwt. heavier than a torpedo touring car with screen and hood. Frameless windows are fitted throughout, which helps to take away from the heavy look often associated with this type of body. A similar car is now being built for Her Royal Highness Princess Christian. The coachwork is carried out by Messrs. Holmes and Company

When you are asked to experiment with unknown carburettors remember it's at *your* expense. The Claudel-Hobson Carburettor has been proved by time and experience. —H.M.Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. London, S.W.

Turnberry as a Spring Resort

Turnberry lies within a favoured strip of Ayrshire that has a decidedly lower rainfall than any other district in the West of Scotland, and as regards sunshine, the statistics for the place furnished by the Scottish Meteorological Society show that in spring and early summer Turnberry often compares most favourably with many much-advertised resorts. Thus in May and June, 1911, Turnberry enjoyed practically as much sunshine as Bournemouth or Jersey, whilst in March it averaged fully one hour per day more than either. As a holiday resort for golfers it is ideal, and the Turnberry Station Hotel offers the last thing in comfort to visitors. The Ladies' Championship is being held at Turnberry from May 12 to 18. There will also be the usual tournament competitions, for which the directors of the Glasgow and South Western Railway offer very valuable prizes to be competed from July 4 to 6.

Buyers of Motor-Cars who hesitate to disturb their capital will welcome Pagets' Car Purchase Plan, which has several special advantages. Particulars will be sent free from Pagets, Ltd., 10 and 11, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

Work in the Rock-Garden

IN most rock-gardens there are gaps to be filled. All Alpines require plenty of moisture while growing, and the drought of last summer was rather disastrous, especially to those that had not long been planted. In their native habitat plants of this class generally grow in crevices between rocks, which prevent any lateral extension of the roots, and therefore compel them to go downwards, and they soon reach a depth at which they are little affected by drought in summer or by cold in winter. In the rock-garden it is not always possible to provide them with such positions, but an effort should be made to do so, and without scattering them about too much. There is at present a decided tendency to follow the Japanese example and to make rocks the chief feature of the rock-garden. That may be right in a sunny land, though even there it is open to question; but, certainly in a dull climate like our own, what we want is colour—broad effects such as can be obtained only by massing. And dwarf plants like Alpines never look so well as when they are massed. Some of the commonest of them are also the most useful—for example, the aubretias (especially the newer varieties, such as Dr. Mules, the best of all), arabis (both single and double, preferably the latter), and alyssum. The saxifrages alone are a host in themselves, and though the mossy species are the most effective, the others have their value. The sedums require a less depth of soil than most and soon form beautiful cushions, varying in colour with the season. Then there are the arenarias, the rock pinks, the Alpine phloxes, the rock roses, many campanulas and primulas, and scores of others. If larger plants are wanted there are brooms, cotoneasters, kalmias, rhododendrons, and veronicas, as well as numerous conifers. All or any of them may be used provided that they are used in accordance with a definite plan.

Work in the Greenhouse

Seeds of various kinds are already being sown in heat, and it is advisable to make a start with some, especially with those of such plants as begonias and gloxinias, which must be raised early if they are to flower the same year. As the seeds of both are very small, they should not be covered, merely sprinkled on the surface of fine soil and lightly pressed in, a sheet of glass being then laid over the pot or box to check evaporation and a piece of paper to exclude the light. The seedlings should be pricked out in fresh soil as soon as they are large enough to handle. Some primula seed may also be sown in order to provide a batch of early plants. Roses under glass should be pruned at once. They will soon be starting into growth, if they have not already done so. In many cases the removal of dead or weak wood, and, perhaps, a little thinning, will be all that is necessary. All plants showing signs of coming into flower, among them richardias or arum lilies, genistas and azaleas, will be benefited by a weak solution of some artificial fertiliser. It may be repeated every third or fourth day.

H. C. Davidson

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 429.—Vol. XXXIII. Wednesday, February 21, 1912 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS

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WILTS. IN THE V.W.H. COUNTRY. FREEHOLD, £4,500, WITH 81 ACRES.
BETWEEN MARLBOROUGH AND CIRENCESTER.

20 TO 530 ACRES.

Near the Wiltshire Downs.
Splendid position on brow of hill.
450ft. above sea level.
Extensive and delightful views.
Fine old stone-built Residence.
Carriage-drive with lodge.
Water by ram. Gas available.
Outer and inner halls. Old oak staircase.
4 fine reception rooms.
17 bed and dressing rooms.
Stabling for 7. Summer-house.
Old-world pleasure grounds.
Old yews and yew hedges.
Tennis and croquet lawns. Sloping lawns.

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By order of the Trustees.

IDEAL OLD-WORLD SEASIDE RESIDENCE.

The most glorious position on the Devon Coast.

PRICE ONLY £1,200, INCLUDING FURNITURE.

BABBACOMBE BAY.—Exceptionally picturesque old stone-built RESIDENCE, enjoying a really wonderful position, for SALE, practically fully Furnished. It is secluded in its beautifully timbered grounds of 1½ acres,

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ABOUT 40 ACRES.

350ft. up, on sandstone. Lovely views.
Telephone. Co.'s water and gas. Heated throughout.
Charming Residence. Beautifully situated.
Lounge hall, full-sized billiard room.
Large drawing, dining, and smoking rooms.
7 principal bedrooms, servants' rooms.
3 bathrooms, schoolroom, servants' hall, etc.
Nursery suite with day and night nurseries.
First-class modern garage for 3 or 4 cars.
Coach-house, 6 loose boxes, 3 cottages, etc.
Beautifully timbered grounds of varied character.

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Within a drive of Torquay and Dartmoor.

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Glorious climate. South aspect. High and sheltered position.

SOUTH DEVON.—To be SOLD, a charming little ESTATE of 37½ acres, carrying a *typical eighteenth-century Residence, fitted with Adam grates and other Adam features*, and possessing admirably proportioned rooms. The exceptionally well-finished House is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: drawing room (about 30ft. by 18ft.), 2 other reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices. Delightful old-world terraced gardens, and some well-timbered and watered rich pasture-land, in all ABOUT 37½ ACRES. Stabling and buildings and 2 first-rate cottages. Company's water laid on.

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THE ABOVE INTERESTING OLD CASTLE is solidly built of stone and is in excellent order. It contains: 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; there are lovely old grounds, ample stabling; included is first-rate spring trout fishing and autumn salmon and sewen fishing; about 60 salmon and 100 trout should be obtained; the shooting extends to about 2,000 acres, of which 400 acres are covert, and the bag includes 300 to 400 pheasants, 100 duck, and about 300 snipe; golf near.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (F 1,687)

WEST WYCOMBE PARK, BUCKS.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, BY THE YEAR OR TERM.
WITH SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 5,000 ACRES.

THE MANSION stands in a richly timbered park of 300 acres, and is of considerable historic interest. It contains: magnificent suite of reception rooms, with finely painted ceilings, about 30 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; electric light throughout; there is ample stabling and accommodation for men; the shooting includes a large area of cover, and provides all-round sport.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

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AMIDST SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN THE HOME COUNTIES. 650FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

TO BE SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in finely timbered grounds of 14 acres. The accommodation comprises: hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; Company's water and gas; modern drainage; the grounds contain some fully grown Wellingtonias, cedars, cypresses, etc.; there are full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, orchards, etc.; stabling, garage, and coach-house, etc.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W (5,320)

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE COOMBE LODGE ESTATE,
NEAR BRENTWOOD, ESSEX.

THE HOUSE stands about 400ft. above sea level, on gravel soil, and the views extend to the Kentish Hills, fully 25 miles distant. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, study, ante-room, and billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; gas laid on; Company's water; excellent stabling, coach-house, lodge, and cottages; the pleasure grounds are finely timbered and of an exceptionally varied character, with great quantities of roses and rhododendrons, and comprise about 23 acres, and the whole Estate to about 267 acres.

The Property will first be offered as a whole, and if not disposed of, in Lots as follows:—

Lot 1. The House, grounds, and park, about 67 acres.
Lot 2. The farm-buildings and cottages, etc., about 123½ acres.
Lot 3. The pair of interesting old cottages, known as "The Wallets."
Lots 4, 5 and 6, comprising together about 17 acres.

DATE OF AUCTION, MARCH 20, 1912.

—Solicitors, Messrs. CROSSE and SONS, 7, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

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TO BE SOLD WITH ABOUT 200 ACRES OR LESS IF DESIRED.

THE RESIDENCE is approached by a carriage drive ¼ of a mile in length, and commands pretty views over the Medhurst district. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, study, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light and telephone; the pleasure grounds comprise about 13 acres, and include some woodland, tennis lawn, kitchen garden of 2 acres, etc.; 2 farms now let off; golf and hunting.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,265)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3643 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

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BERKS AND OXON BORDERS (close to excellent golf links, 3 miles from a station, and within easy reach of Oxford).—TO BE SOLD, FREEHOLD, a VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of NEARLY 100 ACRES. It is adorned with some FINE OLD FOREST TREES, including a handsome lime avenue, and comprises an OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE (as illustrated above), on sandy soil, facing South, approached by a carriage drive, and commanding views extending to the Berkshire Downs. The accommodation includes 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 6; 2 cottages, and farmery; matured shady grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, productive kitchen garden, also good pasture, arable, and woodland; boating, fishing, and hunting in the vicinity.—RECOMMENDED by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (25,298)

IN A PICTURESQUE PART OF SOMERSET.

ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about

152 ACRES, TO BE SOLD.

It includes the above well-built RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and offices; stabling and coach-houses; lawns for tennis, walled garden; cottage and farmery; parklike grounds; carriage drive approach; farmhouse, ample buildings, and 2 cottages. Hunting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,394)

IN ONE OF THE HIGHEST PARTS OF THE SUSSEX WEALD, 3 miles from Haywards Heath.—The above charming COUNTRY HOUSE for SALE, with 34 acres, or the whole Estate of 364 acres can be had. Magnificently positioned with glorious views; carriage drive with lodge; stabling for 6; charming grounds, kitchen garden, and glasshouses; billiard hall with oak staircase and gallery, large and lofty reception rooms, 16 bed and 2 bathrooms, servants' hall and ample offices; all modern improvements and sanitation.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,904)

FOR SALE (by order of Trustees).

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THE CHOICEST SITUATION IN THE WEST END.

AN IMPOSING DETACHED RESIDENCE, occupying one of the best positions in this highly favoured and strictly private thoroughfare, situated in its own grounds, and approached by a broad carriage drive. The House, which may be aptly described as

A COUNTRY HOUSE IN TOWN,

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The accommodation is contained on two floors only, and comprises:

SPACIOUS PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS,

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RECEPTION ROOMS admirably disposed for entertaining purposes, a billiard room, imposing halls, etc.

DOMESTIC OFFICES, quite complete, and of the greatest excellence.

At the rear of the House, well removed, but approached under cover therefrom, are the stables, easily convertible to a garage if wished.

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SOUTH-WEST OF ENGLAND (near a Cathedral city, and in a beautiful and good social district).—£2,500 will purchase a choice little PROPERTY of upwards of 16 acres of pasture-land, etc., and the above picturesque, old-fashioned Country House, containing: 3 reception rooms, about 14 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, and offices; "up-to-date" sanitation; water by gravitation; stabling, motor-house, etc.; delightful old, well-timbered grounds and gardens. Golf links easy reach; hunting and fishing obtainable.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,608)

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CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, the above picturesque stone-built RESIDENCE, situated on a southern slope, in a high position.

CARRIAGE DRIVE APPROACH; LODGE ENTRANCE.

Hall and 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices.

GAS AND WATER LAID ON.

STABLING FOR 4, COACH-HOUSE OR GARAGE.

Beautifully timbered grounds, terrace lawn, tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, and 12 acres of parklike land; in all

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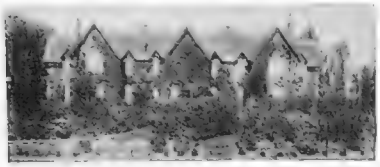

HANTS, within a few miles of Winchester on high ground, COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS, approached by a long carriage drive, and surrounded by EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 3¼ ACRES: lounge hall, 5 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

UNDER 14 MILES FROM TOWN.
CHARMING RURAL DISTRICT.

Rent, £250 per annum Unfurnished.

SITUATED ON HIGH GROUND, approached by well-timbered carriage drive. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices. There is stabling for 11 (5 stalls, 6 loose boxes), coach-houses, men's rooms over; glass-covered, paved yard; gardener's cottage, cowhouse and other buildings; charming gardens of about 7 acres, with fine terraced lawns, rose beds, shrubberies, etc., capital kitchen gardens with 3 ranges of glasshouses, heated; several parklike enclosures sloping to the South. The whole comprising an area of about 32 ACRES; South aspect; good water supply; extensive views; good social district.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 13,139)

1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS (about ½ mile from station; approached by carriage drive from quiet country road, away from motor traffic).—The House contains: 2 reception rooms, hall, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, good servants' offices; the gardens are exceptionally charming, well timbered with oak, birch, conifers, etc.; tennis lawn, fruit garden, etc.; the total area being about 1¼ acres; sandstone subsoil; main water; 350ft. above sea level. Price, only £1,850, Freehold. Confidently recommended as a most attractive Country Cottage Residence by the Agents, who have inspected it.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 9,028)

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GUILDFORD AND WOKING (between).—To be SOLD, this exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, in an ideal position, well away from the road, approached by a long carriage drive, with lodge entrance, and surrounded by

LOVELY OLD GROUNDS AND PARKLIKE LAND OF 130 ACRES.

Large billiard hall, 3 reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; excellent stabling, farmery, 2 cottages. HOUSE WOULD BE SOLD WITH 10 ACRES IF DESIRED.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AUCTIONEERS

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

THIS BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE to be LET for the Summer months. The House stands in a small park of 14 acres, approached by a carriage drive with entrance lodge, and contains: 12 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling for 3, coach-house; tennis and croquet lawns. Will be Let with 4 servants, brougham and horse.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,065)

LOW RENT. OWNER GOING ABROAD.

CHISLEHURST (excellent train service to City).—To be LET for 4 or 5 months, a well-furnished RESIDENCE situate in beautifully kept grounds of 3 ACRES, adjoining golf course. The accommodation consists of 8 bed, bath, 4 reception, servants' hall; electric light. Rent only 6 GNS. per week, including servant and gardener.—Photos, etc., of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,406)

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2½ MILES FROM SUNNINGDALE STATION.

TO BE SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, in the Tudor style, enjoying extensive views, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

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BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

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FIRST-RATE STABLING,
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With excellent yachting facilities, and within easy reach of the New Forest.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 240 ACRES, beautifully timbered, situated 250ft. above sea level. The planned Mansion, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, contains: billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; gymnasium or riding school (60ft. by 30ft.), with gallery; stabling for 8 horses, 2 lodges, home farm, 6 cottages; the grounds are ornamented with fine specimen trees, and include plantation walks, fishpond, fernery and rock garden, ornamental water, etc.; extensive kitchen gardens; South Hants water supply; excellent sanitation.—Box K 5,152, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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OLD-FASHIONED FARMHOUSE (in Tunbridge Wells District).—For SALE, with 60 acres of Land. House and buildings in good repair. Secluded, with private motor road; 1½ miles from station. Price, £3,000.—Apply, WOOD and WALFORD, Land Agents, East Grinstead.

PRIVATE RESIDENCE (in Haywards Heath District) with 17 acres of garden and meadowland, to be SOLD: hall, 3 good reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3; Company's water. Price, £3,000.—Apply, WOOD and WALFORD, Land Agents, East Grinstead.

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317 ACRES.

PRICE CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.

SUSSEX (in a beautiful part, under an hour from London).—
A SUMPTUOUSLY APPOINTED PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE,
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BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PARK.
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Commanding the finest views in the county. 400ft. above sea level. Sand soil.
PERFECT FREEHOLD ESTATE OF OVER 100 ACRES.
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CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.
15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room; stabling for 8, garage; home farm:
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PARK.
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Exquisite position at mouth of River Dart.
FOR SALE,
VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATE, OF 500 ACRES.
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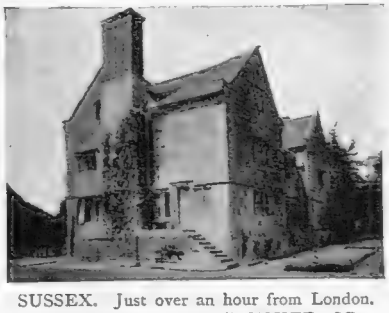

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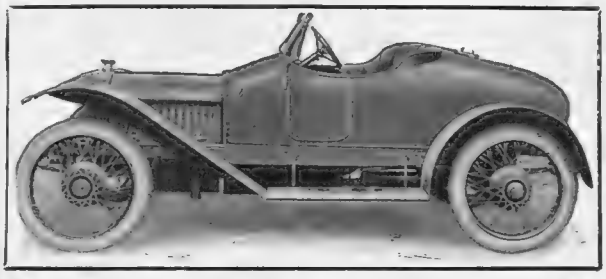

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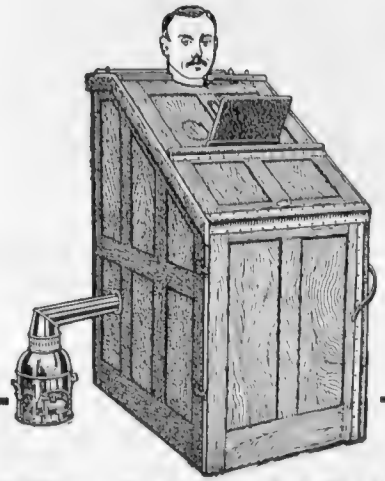

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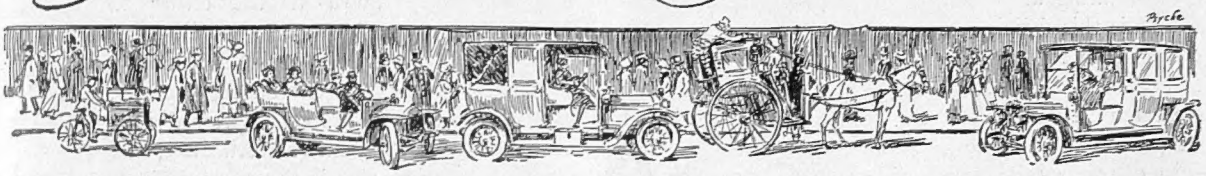


By MRS. JACK MAY

WHEN Miss Lily Elsie's trousseau on her marriage was discussed a short while back, it will, perhaps, be recalled the emphasis that was laid on the square-cut curate-neck to both her gowns and coats. And the *atelier* whence emanated these confections was responsible for the dressing of *The Fire Screen* at the Garrick. In this Miss Violet Vanbrugh makes her *entrée* in a natural tussore coat and skirt, the former shaped out in a square at the throat, and the fronts from there parting and falling either side. There were cuffs and collar of soft white material, lawn presumably, and a cravat of mushroom colour, a note of contrast being picked up in a most becoming country hat of *velours*. The costume was just a little trying to Miss Vanbrugh's great height and extreme slimness, but that hat retrieved the situation.

Miss Cutler's Dresses

Far better suited to her tall, languorous style is a grey *charmeuse*, the skirt caught up in graceful draperies at the back, and surmounted by a loose-fitting corsage fastening over with a castellated effect and a row of silver buttons, while below the waist there falls a narrow turned-under *basque*. But the *cachet* of the gown was given by the belt of tarnished gold, black, and red, a delicious colour-relief repeated in a fancy bar ornament and tassels of embroidery and beads employed to finish off the collar of embroidered lawn. A noteworthy detail also was supplied in the sleeves, which, falling straight and plain from the shoulders, were gathered and held to the arm just above the elbows by a deep band stitched with a line of little self-covered buttons.

The dresses worn by Miss Kate Cutler are more astonishing than actually pleasing, *ninon* playing a highly important rôle, followed by a generous display of feet and ankles. There is, moreover, a remarkably beautiful colour-scheme expressed in the last creation exploited by this actress, a blending of dull greens and pink, that to be thoroughly appreciated must be seen.

A TASTEFUL LITTLE MOURNING GOWN
Expressed in heavy, dull crêpe de Chine. The revers and under-petticoat of crêpe
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Season's Fabric—Éponge

This, in a large measure, more particularly the qualities expressed in cotton, fulfils its name. It has, as the title infers, a rough surface, and has been likened with a considerable amount of justification to Turkish towelling. The woollen quality, however, is the one we have chiefly to consider with the spring tailor-made suits. There is both plain and striped *éponge*, also a delightful bordered variety, a sort of selvedge border, occurring both sides of a double width. This last is replete with possibilities, especially drapery possibilities, and draperies, as we are all beginning to realise, are once again serious factors.

At the moment cotton *éponge* is merely employed as an ornamental detail, but even in that modest capacity it arrests attention. Maybe, it will be difficult to picture, but a most effective touch was imparted to a costume—a three-piece affair—of navy and black shot taffeta by a narrow, circular chemisette of white cotton *éponge*, supplemented by a second little guimpe of *crêpe* chiffon, the sleeves finishing in a like manner.

The "Blanche" Relief

It will follow as the night the day that as the season advances we shall be asked to consider washing frocks of cotton *éponge*. However, sufficient for the day is the woollen variety, and my sincere counsel to those who are hesitating in the matter of their choice of tailor-mades is this deliciously soft, rough-surfaced material. Other fresh materials include an exceedingly heavily ribbed serge silk—that is going to run taffeta very closely in rivalry—and an equally coarsely ribbed whipcord. I was shown a most covetable coat and skirt of the latter material the other day in a delicate putty shade, the coat, with sharply rounded-off fronts and swallow-tail back, having the long V in front, finished with a narrow gauffered *lingerie* frill, a detail taken up as a matter of course on the sleeves. Although only so far remarked in isolated instances, and therefore to be tentatively touched, still I personally feel very much drawn to the little *blanche* relief, and think it may be safely put upon the list of early spring modistic resolutions.

THREE DAINTY MILLINERY MODELS
Mrs. Jack May fully describes these in her notes on this page
(Sketched at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, by Dorothy Millar)

D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

That there are drastic changes on foot in the millinery world is surely pretty well patent to all, even at this early date. But it is still on the knees of the gods just how far these changes will be developed during the present season. The signs, however, are hopeful in that the new millinery is again emphasising the fact that the cardinal virtue of a *chapeau* is that it shall become the wearer, and, incidentally, leave some portion of the features visible. With the return of lower crowns, millinery is coming back to a normal position on the head, and will not require a tilt either to the back or the front to achieve the requisite success. And to counteract any dulness, a quite conceivable condition after our recent daring exploits, there is a rakishness of brim, chiefly expressed in a backward movement, that is at once arresting and extraordinarily *chic*. A case in point is the example included in the accompanying pictured trio. The hat referred to has the brim turned sharply up from the face and pressed almost flat against the crown, and still turned up—note the bold backward sweep of this brim. Fashioned of navy Tagal, the summit of the brim is defined by a tiny piping of maize velvet, while at the left side comes the most effective mount of silver pheasant's feathers. And it is with models of this description that the rumour is given credence of the return of the *chignon*, together with the fringe on the forehead.

Representative Examples

The second large hat of the group is a glorified Breton shape in hay-coloured pedal straw, the brim lined with folded Japan-blue *glacé*. This silk is again requisitioned for the great square-shaped accordion-pleated end, set up erect in front and hemmed and trimmed with the straw, at the base of which comes a cluster of the new silk roses in deep crimson and cobalt shades, accompanied by foliage so dark as to appear almost black at a distance. Both these silk roses and the dark foliage are novel floral features that will have to be reckoned with.

And the third and last occupant of the group is a "Beret" of cobalt-blue Tagal, this evidencing the extreme suppleness of the season's straws. The fulness is drawn into a narrow head-band, trimmed with two little upstanding kilted frills, the one of blue ribbon velvet, and the other a green and white striped fancy ribbon, the remaining decorative note being supplied in a curious yellowish feathery tuft, supported by a small vivid green wing. It would be impossible to find three more representative examples to point the trend of the new millinery. For many years now Messrs. D. H. Evans have specialised in the very smartest millinery, while, at the same time, in no way neglecting styles at more accessible prices. Indeed, in the vast, spacious *salons*, upstairs and down, devoted exclusively to the cause, there is afforded ample proof that all tastes and all pockets are considered at this admirably controlled establishment.

See the Difference

Made by Antexema—Rashes, Eczema, Chaps, and Chilblains cured

IS your hand the one sore with eczema, disfigured by a rash, or rendered unsightly by some skin eruption? Is the skin of your hand rough, red, chapped, or cracked? If so, there's only one thing for you to do. Apply Antexema without a moment's further delay. You will be delighted with the result. The instant relief gained and the cessation of smarting and irritation is most grateful. Your hands will day by day look better and better, until soon you will have hands you can be proud of, because perfectly free from disfigurement or blemish. It is because of the immediate relief and quick cure that Antexema affords that those cured by Antexema praise it so enthusiastically. They feel they must do so, in justice to the wonderful remedy that has done so much for them. For instance, W.D., of Llandyssil, says that "half a small bottle of Antexema was quite enough to cure my hands of chronic eczema, after I had suffered for six weeks."

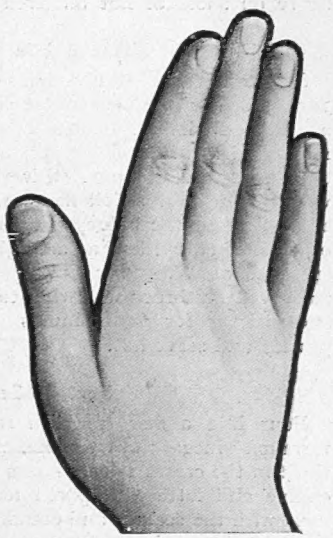
Never neglect Skin Troubles

The real cause of many of the most irritating and annoying skin troubles is neglect. A slight rash or a patch of red, inflamed pimples is noticed, but the sufferer fancies that the trouble may be safely ignored and that the complaint will cure itself without further effort. Unfortunately, this does not happen, and instead of the skin becoming clear and healthy once again the rash spreads and becomes worse, the pimples come to a head and break, and before long you find yourself suffering from an attack of eczema or some other skin disease. This is the history of thousands of cases of skin illness. Some slight trouble that could have been cured by two or three applications of Antexema was neglected; as a result the trouble became worse and worse; untold suffering was endured, all of which was absolutely unnecessary. It might and would have been avoided had the sufferer used Antexema when the trouble first started.

Before using Antexema

All such annoyance is avoidable. No one need suffer from skin disease. When nature warns you by these danger-signals that you are likely to have eczema or something of that kind, the right thing to do is to procure Antexema immediately and begin to cure your trouble forthwith. Don't lose a minute, for the moment you start with Antexema you will find the benefit, and in a very short time you will be so thoroughly cured that there will not be a single sign that anything was wrong. That is the way Antexema cures, and it is because it is so wonderfully successful in cases in which doctors, specialists, and ointments are utter failures that Antexema is so highly appreciated. Prove this fact for yourself.

There's another reason why Antexema is so popular. It does not disfigure the user. It often happens that skin sufferers put up with the discomfort rather than apply greasy ointment for everyone to see. In addition, greasy preparations stop up the pores and soil garments and anything else they come in contact with. Hence bandages are necessary, and these further restrict the circulation. Antexema is invisible when it is on the skin. It forms a protective covering to the bad place, which keeps out dust and disease germs which would otherwise find entrance and hinder a cure or even increase the trouble.



After using Antexema

At the same time the healing and curative virtues of Antexema penetrate to the very seat of the trouble, and a thorough cure is soon effected. You can actually see Antexema cure. Antexema is a unique remedy, and it cures apparently hopeless cases because it possesses virtues found in nothing else. That's why you should always use Antexema for all skin complaints, whether slight or severe, recent or of long standing.

Antexema cures every skin illness

But Antexema is not merely a cure for bad hands. It cures every form of skin illness, in any part of the body, at any age, and however caused. Eczema of all kinds, pimples, blackheads, bad legs, rashes, eruptions, chaps, chilblains, scalp troubles, and every other diseased, sore, or irritated condition of the skin is conquered by Antexema. Hundreds of thousands of skin sufferers have been cured by Antexema. Why not you?

Begin your cure to-day

It is so easy to cure yourself that there can be no excuse for skin suffering. Wherever you are you can obtain Antexema, for this marvellous remedy has made its way into every town and village in the United Kingdom; it is obtainable all over the Continent, and has penetrated into the most remote places in the world.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows' supply it at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*; or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* per bottle from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, Jeffreys Place, London, N.W. Also everywhere in Canada, Australasia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

The Menu: After Theatre Supper Dishes

Although it is very much the custom to-day to sup at a restaurant after a theatre, there are some people who prefer a little supper in their own home, and for these the recipes given may not come amiss, as they are quite easy to make, and can be cooked in a chafing-dish. The seakale salad and compôte of chestnuts would, of course, be prepared before and served cold.

Oysters à la Maître d'Hôtel

Wash and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a stewpan or chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of butter; stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a little salt and pepper. Serve on slices of hot buttered toast.

Kidneys à la Minute

Skin and slice thinly some sheeps' kidneys. Melt 1oz. of butter in a stewpan or chafing-dish, and fry in it a chopped shallot. Then put in the sliced kidneys, season with salt and pepper, and dredge over with a dessertspoonful of flour. Stir the contents of the dish with a fork over a full flame for several minutes, long enough to fry the kidneys; then moisten with a quarter of a gill of gravy, half a small glass of sherry, and a teaspoonful of Worcester Sauce. Add also four or five preserved mushrooms. Bring to the boil whilst stirring, and simmer for five minutes Sprinkle over chopped parsley and serve hot.

Seakale Salad

Pour into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces, and place them in the cream twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared for salad, and place in a bowl with the seakale and cream on the top. A little cut beetroot is an improvement. This makes a delicious salad.

Tomatoes en Surprise

Peel and air round tomatoes of even size. When firm cut them in halves and scoop out the contents. Lay in each one a fresh raw egg, without breaking, dust with salt and pepper, then place on each a spoonful of thick white sauce, and then grated cheese. Put in a hot oven and cook till the egg is set.

Compôte of Chestnuts

Remove the outer skin of some chestnuts and place them in a pan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then remove the second skin, being careful not to break the nuts. Make a syrup with a breakfastcupful of water, ½lb. of sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup. Place the chestnuts in a dish, pour the syrup over, and serve cold. EMILIA

Useful to the Housewife

The British housewife is often accused of lack of thrift and said to be wanting in the practice of economy, especially in regard to the proper and judicious use of foodstuffs, and perhaps there is some truth in the statement, and it is indeed an open question whether all wives and mothers of England take sufficient interest in the household budget. Do they, for example, appreciate to the full the wonderful food value of Currants? In many instances they certainly do, but all too frequently the important facts concerning Currants are overlooked. Everybody knows how savoury and delicious are all preparations wherein Currants appear, but there are other things which every woman ought to know; as, for instance, that Currants are without rival in nutritive power. They do not merely fill, but feed and nourish the body. That they are easily digested. That they are the cheapest food you can buy. That those who eat Currants enjoy robust health. Make a note of these important truths, and bear in mind there are many more "Currant" facts worth knowing.

The Editor's Box

The Royalty Theatre

On Tuesdays and Fridays at three o'clock (commencing yesterday, the 20th), Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie present their second matinée production. This consists of *The Dove Uncaged*, a fantasy in one act by Eunice Hamilton-Moore, in which five actresses appear: Miss Marion Terry, Miss Mary Relph, Miss Rose Dupré, Miss Rose Yule, and Miss Gladys Cooper. The scene is laid in an Italian convent. It will be followed by Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings's three-act play, *The New Sin*, which has already attracted considerable attention from the fact that it is written solely for male characters. These are seven, and are played by Mr. Arthur Wontner, Mr. O. P. Heggie, Mr. Malcolm Cherry, Mr. Guy Rathbone, Mr. A. G. Poulton, Mr. H. Lane Bayliff, and Mr. James Hearn.

Suburban Theatres

That wonderfully successful play, *Baby Mine*, with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in his original part, is to be seen at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, this week. It is quite the most amusing piece I have seen for a long while, and no one who has not already witnessed it should miss this opportunity of doing so. *Baby Mine* is an excellent antidote for a "fit of the blues." At the Kennington this week there is a strong attraction, Miss Pauline Chase and the entire Duke of York's Theatre Company are presenting *Peter Pan*.

Mark Hambourg's Recital

Mark Hambourg's pianoforte recital at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday last was one of the outstanding events of the present musical season, and, to a great many musical people, *the* event. The piano the famous virtuoso chose for the occasion was a "Brinsmead," a fact affording yet another distinction for Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons. In the 'forties the founder of this firm was known as the "father of the pianoforte trade"; the genius of the firm to-day is not a whit less conspicuous than in the 'forties.

The London Devonian Association

The annual dinner of the London Devonian Association will be held at the Holborn Restaurant on Saturday, March 2. The Earl of Halsbury, President of the Association, will be in the chair, and will be supported, among others, by Earl Fortescue, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and Lord Seaton. Tickets (6*s*. each) may be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Squire, 90, Wood Street, E.C.

The Dover-Ostend Mail Route

A contract has recently been signed by the Belgian Government for the delivery of two new turbine steamers for the Dover and Ostend mail service. As in the case of all the steamers belonging to this line, these new boats will be fitted with the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. The internal fittings and decorations will be identical with those of the *Jan Breydel* and the *Pieter de Coninck*, but their length, viz., 330ft., will be slightly less. The "Frahn" anti-rolling system will be installed, which will reduce, if not quite abolish, the terrors of sea-sickness. The boilers will be of the Babcock and Wilcox type, and, according to the contract, the speed must be twenty-four knots per hour.

Mr. Arthur Hawkes

A more important man in the world of Imperial politics than, perhaps, is quite appreciated by the man in the street has just returned to Canada in the person of Mr. Arthur Hawkes, after a visit to this country of inquiry into the emigration policy as it was run under the Laurier Government. The Borden Government wants to run this vital traffic between England and Canada with a big heart, firm hands, and a long glance into the future. Mr. Hawkes is an Englishman long settled in Canada, one of those rarely gifted souls with a magnetic personality and real gift of words; one of the few men whom it is worth going a long way to hear speak in public.